

Twentieth Year—January 11, 1913

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The GRAPHIC



IN A MISSION GARDEN

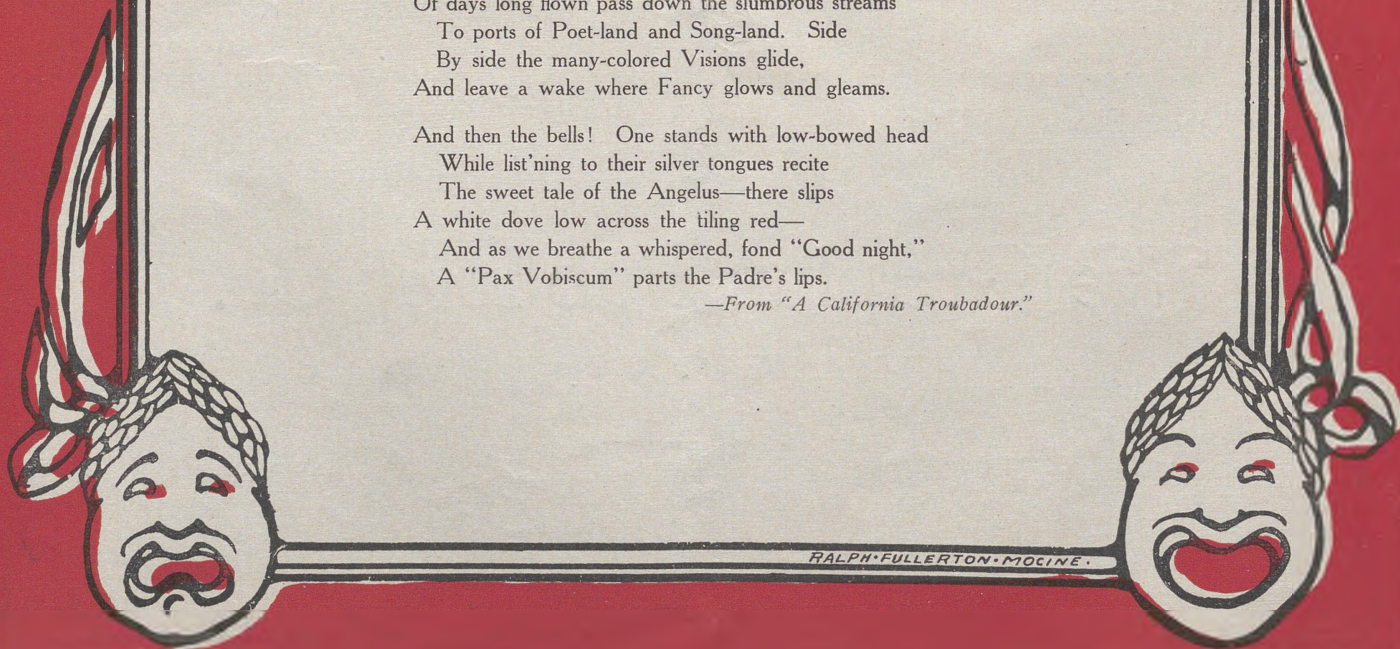
(Santa Barbara)

BY CLARENCE THOMAS URMY

Stand here, and watch the wondrous birth of Dreams
From out the Gate of Silence. Time and Tide,
With fingers on their lips, forever bide
In large-eyed wonderment, where Thoughts and Themes
Of days long flown pass down the slumbrous streams
To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side
By side the many-colored Visions glide,
And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams.

And then the bells! One stands with low-bowed head
While list'ning to their silver tongues recite
The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips
A white dove low across the tiling red—
And as we breathe a whispered, fond "Good night,"
A "Pax Vobiscum" parts the Padre's lips.

—From "A California Troubadour."



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General Manager

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



CITRUS FRUIT GROWERS MORE HOPEFUL

WITH the passing of the cold wave and the advent of a rain that ought to be worth several million dollars to the citrus fruit growers as a thawing medium the air of gloom that has been so noticeable of late is lifting and a spirit of optimism is succeeding. It is now believed that not more than a thirty per cent loss of the unmarketed crop will be experienced and even this may be tempered by the higher prices commanded by what fruit is untouched by frost. Of course, it is essential to the reputation of Southern California growers that no damaged oranges be shipped east. Better a total loss than a mistaken effort to ameliorate the situation by attempting to dispose of frost-bitten product. Besides, it might prove an expensive experiment if the fruit were rejected and the shipper found himself confronting heavy freight bills with no offset at the east-end.

It is yet too early to make an intelligent estimate of the damage inflicted, but the present weather is all that could be desired by growers to aid in the elimination of frost from both citrus fruit and vegetables, with the hope of a reasonable salvage. Instead of a fifty or sixty per cent loss perhaps not more than thirty per cent of the crop will be found irreparably ruined, a calculation now hopefully announced by those who have made close inspection of the groves. In the Redlands district, for example, the high wind which prevailed through the cold snap dried out the moisture in the skin of the oranges, leaving the air cells without water, transforming them into air spaces instead of water cells, thus serving as non-conductors of frost.

It is the theory of experts that as the oil cells of the oranges were not broken, the inner ones are likewise intact, hence the juice will not evaporate. According to the Redlands Review there is less free water in the oranges and the juice is higher flavored or sweeter, and the more sugar there is the less danger from freezing. It is further stated that the conditions were different last winter, when there was much moisture in the oranges, and when if they were pressed a sort of fog would exude, while under the glass a countless number of holes could be seen. The fruit this winter will not respond to pressure in any such way, the skin being perfectly dry. Cutting open a number of oranges which had thawed they were found unbroken, juicy and sweet. It is asserted that if the weather continues favorable and the oranges thaw out gradually they will be a first-class marketable fruit and as good two months from now as at the present time.

If the wind has done its work well and thoroughly dried the fruit, so that little or no evaporation follows,

a goodly portion of the crop will be saved, but it will take two or three weeks to determine this fact. Meanwhile, the growers are encouraged by the tests made and with the beneficent weather now provided the conditions are ideal for a gradual thawing out of the orange crop and hope is entertained that a large part of it may be marketed as first-class fruit. Meanwhile, however, growers are cautioned by experts to avoid resorting to irrigation in the mistaken notion that such action will tend to "fill up the fruit." Great care must be taken to prevent lowering the temperature of the soil since by so doing the run of sap may be arrested under present weakened conditions, causing the fruit to drop and so be lost. Naturally, the damage to the nursery stock is great, but the nurserymen, with the courage of their convictions that a recurrence of conditions just experienced is not likely to be known in half a century, are preparing to plant anew all ruined young trees. This is the hopeful spirit that is bound to overcome all temporary obstacles to success.

MORE EVIDENCE OF JAPANOPHOBIA

IT IS a two-edged sword that the Japanese baiters are wielding in Sacramento with their proposed restrictive measures that have their genesis in demagoguery, bigotry and narrow partisanship. In attacking the general character of the Japanese residents on this coast Assemblyman Killingsworth of Vacaville is seeking to procure the passage of a bill disallowing aliens from owning land in California. His denunciation of the Japanese as "the lowest, most menial and most thieving people on earth" is too intemperate to be given serious consideration except to deplore the fact that material so unsuitable for legislation shaping should have been sent to the state capital. Vacaville should hasten to muzzle its blatant representative whose uncouth utterances are likely to inspire a friendly nation to retaliatory measures that may seriously embarrass the Panama-Pacific exposition officials.

Just at this time Japan is considering, through its national body of lawmakers, a bill carrying a heavy appropriation for the purpose of installing a first-class government exhibit at the San Francisco 1915 fair. Let the Sacramento demagogues go too far in their Japanophobia tactics and the indignant Japanese may not only give the exposition a wide berth by withholding appropriation for an exhibit, but by their personal representations to other nations, closely allied to their own by treaties, induce similar retributive action. This is what is feared by President Moore and other exposition officials who are now at the state capital endeavoring to ward off threatened anti-alien bills whose passage is likely to place the success of the fair in jeopardy so far as foreign exhibits are concerned. Such boorishness as is evidenced by the Vacaville assemblyman is calculated to work great detriment to the Pacific coast.

It is bad enough to have to contend with the Chinese exclusion law which has deprived California of a class of workers unexcelled in their field, whether it is in raising vegetables or as house servants. A soft-footed, well-broken Chinese servant is a gift of the gods and his kind is becoming all too rare. Once he was California's pride. A good Japanese house boy is not to be despised, but he is harder to domesticate than the pure Celestial; he has too many sick relatives demanding his constant attention when his house duties are not to his liking. In other words, he is not so dependable as the China boy.

Why should California go out of her way to antagonize the Japanese? The work they do, in the main, is work that the average Caucasian will undertake only when he is driven to it by necessity. If it

were not for the Japanese laborers on the coast the horticultural interests would be in dire straits, since the raisin and small fruit crops are largely dependent upon this alien help for husbanding. Japan wants to be friendly, is friendly in fact, but the nation cannot retain its self respect and suffer a repetition of the intemperate language of the Vacaville legislator without evincing its marked displeasure in a way the coast may not relish. It would be interesting to learn the Killingsworth lineage whose scion talks so sneeringly of aliens. The loudest-mouthed protestants in the past have been found among the latest comers to these shores. Perhaps Killingsworth is of this type.

HAVE WE A SEGREGATED CAPITAL?

SACRAMENTO and San Francisco are at loggerheads over the question of extending housing facilities for state officers. The capital city is aroused to the fighting point by the prospective introduction of a bill asking for a million-dollar appropriation for a state building in San Francisco. Its advocates assert that inasmuch as the labor bureau, railroad commission, prison directors, horticultural bureau, insurance commission, mining bureau, university regents, bureau of charities and correction, building and loan commission, fish and game commission, superintendent of banks, dairy bureau, medical examiners, attorney general, appellate court, pilot commission, bureau of fisheries, dental examiners and board of pharmacy and board of architecture maintain headquarters in San Francisco, not so much from choice as from necessity it is incumbent on the state to house them properly.

Of course, technically, it is an evasion of the law to divide the state offices in this way. There cannot be two capitals. The Sacramento Union in a rather heated discussion of the attempt of San Francisco to "gobble up everything in sight" says Sacramento is more than willing to make an appeal to the state, based upon the inherent justice and right of her claim. It would have the issue made clear: "Is Sacramento the capital, or have we a segregated and divided capital?" It is contended that San Francisco has no more right to these twenty or more state offices enumerated than has Fresno, or Stockton, or Chico, or Marysville, or even Milpitas. Nominally, the capital city is headquarters for all these state bureaus named; practically, all the business is transacted in San Francisco.

As a result the state is compelled to pay a heavy sum for rentals every year, and it is to obviate this necessity that a state building is to be demanded. On this rock the legislature is likely to split. So long as it was merely rent the segregation of state offices was grudgingly acquiesced in, although never approved by the Sacramentans. But they will balk at a state building and will put the question fairly before the people whether or not they favor a divided capital. To clinch their position they are about to submit to popular vote the proposition of bonding the city for \$700,000 more, from the sale of which it is planned to buy additional land adjoining the capitol park to the west, thereby rendering available two entire blocks for building sites. If the people approve then the state will be asked to appropriate \$3,000,000 to erect two additional buildings in which all the truant state officers may be housed.

To counteract this movement San Francisco will offer a valuable lot in the new civic center as a site for a state building and, presumably, behind this proposal will range the score or more of bureau chiefs who seem to prefer San Francisco to the capital city as a headquarters. The opposing forces are lining up for a bitter contest and a state referendum will

doubtless result if the legislature is beguiled into indorsing the San Francisco plan. This is clearly indicated by the attitude of the Sacramento Union which, presumably, voices the sentiments of the capital city adherents.

DISCOURAGING THE "CORNER" INDUSTRY

EXTENSION of the Sherman anti-trust law to interdict the cornering of interstate commodities such as wheat, corn, cotton and the like is a liberal interpretation of the measure regarding which there is a difference of opinion. Three of the supreme court judges, including the chief justice, dissented from the majority opinion alleging violation of the Sherman law, the effect of which is to compel the big Chicago speculator, James A. Patten, with his associates, to stand trial in the New York federal court on a charge of cornering the cotton market in 1910, from which coup, it is alleged, Patten and his syndicate cleaned up in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000.

What is to become of the Chicago Board of Trade now that corners are held by our highest court to be in defiance of the law? Shades of "Old Hutch," of the Fishers, of Jim Keene, of Peter McKeogh, of Harper, of good old Deacon Hobbs—who once ran corn up to a dollar a bushel—what mental perturbation might have been saved to these departed spirits if their activities in the Chicago grain pits had been estopped by virtue of the Sherman law! Levi Z. Leiter might have died leaving \$12,000,000 more than he did to his family if his young hopeful, Joseph, had been debarred by federal statute from his misguided attempt to corner the wheat market, what time our late visitor, Ogden Armour, made such a killing by feeding the rash speculator cash wheat from every elevator in the country whose bins he could unload and transship.

"Jim" Patten has made his millions, in the main, on the "bull" side of the market. He started in, years ago, with oats, manipulating that cereal's "futures" about as he pleased, and usually for a big profit. From oats he turned to corn, thence to wheat, the latter forming his later and larger plunging operations. Temporarily deserting Chicago he turned his attention to cotton, making a tremendous killing, the profits of which he must now distribute among the legal fraternity. It is a wise dispensation. The supreme court has at once upheld the law, thrown big fees to its branch of the professions and helped to put money into circulation. Incidentally, it has discouraged a pernicious industry, although the farmer, who always profits by bull movements, may not so agree. But the consumer, who always pays the cost, has reason to be thankful.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE CLEARING HOUSE

ONE of the dangers which attend such an investigation as that which is being conducted by the Pujo house committee into the workings of the financial institutions of New York, and other cities, is that abuses which are bared by the evidence, instead of being considered merely as local or isolated instances, are interpreted as general and so bring obloquy upon similar organizations everywhere. Samuel Untermyer, for example, having elicited from witnesses certain facts in regard to the operations of their own clearing houses, deduced a list of four blanket accusations against all clearing houses in the country, not specifically stating that these breaches of business ethics or business law were matters of wide practice, but intimating as much. Were Mr. Untermyer addressing only an audience of experts in finance this would do no harm, but when such utterances are given general circulation, there is bound to arise a certain hostility to banks and banking organizations which is disturbing to business.

Clearing houses, per se, are practically nothing more nor less than book-keeping facilities for national banks doing business in the same city. In each bank there are deposited daily, many checks upon other banks in the territory embraced in the organization. At a specified time each day, messengers from the various bank members assemble at the clearing house, and receive memoranda charging

one another for the sum of the checks so held. It is simply one of the modern labor-saving devices that have been evolved through the necessity for handling a large amount of business with the greatest despatch. From this beginning, of course, the scope of the body develops, until it holds almost absolute power over the units of the system. To refuse to allow a bank to make use of its machinery, is to place that bank under heavy expense, and to cast a reflection upon its standing.

It was due to its debarment from clearing house privileges which caused the run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company in New York, and forced it to close its doors, although it was solvent. Against such purely arbitrary actions there is the general safeguard that when one bank fails there follows a wave of distrust which immediately results in the withdrawal of large sums from deposit, in favor of the old-fashioned sock or the cracked tea-pot on the mantel, and for this season there are few bankers who would deliberately bring about a run even on their keenest competitor. Normally, the clearing house is one of the absolutely necessary institutions of the business world, and in taking steps to prevent it from becoming a menace to competition, this fact should not be forgotten.

IN THE WAKE OF BALBOA

COLONEL Goethals is reported to be planning to make his initial trip through the canal as near as may be on the 400th anniversary of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific ocean, the date of which is reputed to be September 25, 1513. That experimental voyage will be made on the canal bisecting the chain of hills from the summit of which Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the brave Spanish adventurer, gazed upon the great body of water on the western side of Darien, credit for which John Keats in his superb sonnet gave to Cortez. It is well to recall this matchless bit of verse, inspired by looking into Chapman's Homer:

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It was a curious error that caused Keats to snatch the bays from Balboa to give them to Cortez. We do not agree with the New York Times that it is better to falsify history than to destroy the meter of a precious poem for the reason that the line would have scanned perfectly had it been written—

Or like Balboa, when with eagle eyes.

Balboa lived only four years after taking that memorable survey from the peak in Darien, but John Keats' wonderful sonnet, written in 1816 when the poet was in his twenty-first year, will live for all time, denying eternally to Balboa the credit of his discovery.

Here on the Pacific coast it is fitting that Balboa's enterprise should be duly celebrated and, in fact, the Pacific-Panama Exposition was originally planned in honor of the famous Spaniard who gave name to this western ocean. His memory will have to wait two years longer to be properly served, the 1915 fair aiming to combine glorification of the formal dedication of the canal with the Balboa achievement. History, presumably, authentic, states that after threading the almost impenetrable forests of Darien, he and his followers, guided by an Indian chief, climbed the rugged gorges of the mountain and approached the summit. Leaving his followers at a little distance Balboa was the first to behold the vast unknown seas. Possibly it was that precedent which induced Peary to plunge ahead of his party when he reached the vicinity of the north pole. In that way the future poet or historian is saved from embarrassment in writing commemorative odes.

Cortez, it is true, is unjustly lauded, despite Balboa's precautions, but Keats was not a careful student of history and the fact that the conqueror of Mexico did not land on the coast until 1519, or six years after Balboa's vision was unfolded, seems not to have deterred the English poet. To Cortez, however, belongs the credit of first recognizing the com-

mercial value of cutting a water-way connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. Not Darien, but the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, was his choice of operations. Poor Balboa was beheaded in 1517 when he returned to Haiti to resume his governorship and Cortez for all his triumphs in Mexico and brilliant and important voyages was neglected by his sovereign and died without receiving that reward to which his adventurous spirit was surely entitled. Perhaps, Keats was prejudiced in Cortez' favor because of his scurvy treatment at the hands of Charles V. Never mind, San Diego has named her world's fair site Balboa Park which proves that not even a great poet's influence is all-pervading.

LIGHT ON JOHNSON'S IMPEACHMENT

RELATED justice seems to be overtaking the memory of Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, whose famous trial for alleged "high crimes and misdemeanors," by congress, resulted in the rejection of impeachment proceedings by one vote. Careful reading of the testimony adduced at this late day, when the bitter political dissensions that led to the trial no longer warp opinions or disturb judgment, induces the belief that President Johnson was well within his rights when he demanded the resignation of Secretary of War Stanton, failing to receive which he summarily set him aside and appointed first, General Grant and later, Lieut.-Gen. Thomas. There are few in this day and age who will not be inclined to agree with Mr. Johnson that he was entitled to loyalty and harmony in his own cabinet. Stanton, of course, was a holdover from the Lincoln administration retained by Johnson out of a desire to continue the Lincoln policies.

Stanton proved a thorn in the Johnson flesh and in spite of the tenure of office act, passed by congress to embarrass him, he declared the war secretary's office vacant and filled it with Grant, pro tempore. Lured by promises of the presidential nomination Grant failed to stick and disregardful of his pledge to Johnson turned back the office to Stanton. Johnson declined to recognize the deposed secretary and named Thomas, almost precipitating civil war. It was for this specific act of resisting congress that his enemies counted on enlisting the two-thirds vote to convict, but the possibility of the radical Ohioan, Senator Ben Wade's accession, was regarded by not a few as even more of a national calamity than the retention of Johnson and this fear doubtless helped Johnson's cause.

In the current Century Magazine the story of the impeachment proceedings and the incidents preliminary thereto are recounted by Gaillard Hunt, chief of the bureau of statistics in the library of congress and in the preceding issue by Gen. John B. Henderson of Missouri, the only survivor of the seven Republican senators who voted with the Democrats in support of President Johnson. Students of American history will do well to read carefully these exceedingly interesting contributions to a moot question of great historic interest. They carry conviction that Johnson, with all his crudities, was a loyal executive, in no wise meriting the obloquy sought to be thrust on him by the disgruntled partisans in congress.

In addition to these informing papers the sidelights on Johnson's character presented by Major Ben C. Truman of Los Angeles, former secretary to President Johnson, are decidedly illuminating. Prior to going to Washington with the President, Truman had served Johnson as secretary at Nashville when his chief was military governor. After describing the executive's mode of dress, consisting of black broadcloth, frock coat and waistcoat, black doeskin trousers and silk hat, Major Truman adds:

This had been his attire for thirty years, and for most of that time, whether as governor of Tennessee, member of congress or United States senator, he had made all of his own clothes. He was so scrupulous about his linen that he invariably changed all of it daily, and sometimes oftener. He was matchlessly perfect in figure, about five feet ten, had handsome broad shoulders, fine forehead, superb face and feet. The most marked feature about him was his eyes, which were small, and although such eyes are not usually attractive, his were black, sparkling and absolutely beautiful.

That Johnson was not a gamester at anything and

by no means the constant tippler that his enemies depicted him Truman makes clear. Unfortunately for Johnson's memory the one time he was conspicuously drunk was when he should have been absolutely sober, to wit, when he took the oath of office as Vice-President of the United States March 4, 1865. He had been indiscreet the night before with Col. Forney and other warm friends and admirers and the morning dawned on a sadly befuddled official, whose condition caused Lincoln great annoyance and disgust. "Yet," says Truman, "although I sat with Johnson at the same table in Nashville at least once a day for eighteen months I never saw him take either wine or liquor with any meal." His one great faux pas at a crucial hour, however, was damnatory of his habits for all time, it appears, or until the light of later days has been shed on his conduct. It will be recalled that Johnson served out his full term and retired to Tennessee. In 1875 he was elected to the United States senate, but was attacked by illness and died July 31, of that year.

UNION LABOR'S FALSE POSITION

UNION LABOR is to be called upon once more to stand back of those whose pernicious acts have reflected discredit on a great organization. Even as a country-wide mulcting was made to fee Clarence Darrow to defend the McNamaras, whom he knew to be guilty as charged, yet allowed Union Labor members to be duped into giving of their earnings under the belief that they were subscribing to the support of innocent men, so now the same organized labor is asked to raise funds to provide cash bail for the thirty-three convicted dynamiters whose violations of the law were preliminary to deeds of blackest infamy.

These men, who are seeking release on bonds, have had a fair trial and few of the unions that are now besought to furnish cash guarantees that will gain for them release from prison entertain any doubt, in the mass, of the guilt of the dynamiters. No matter how law-abiding the union man may be and how repugnant to his sense of justice are the crimes for which the structural steel workers have been adjudged guilty he must pretend to approve the efforts looking to temporary freedom of the convicted men and if any of them decamp he must pay his proportion of the forfeited bail bonds. It is a curious position in which to place good citizens, many of whom dislike to protest because they do not care to be thought disloyal to their cause.

But the cause of union labor is not helped by this apparent tendency to defend malefactors. To the contrary, it is injured in the eyes of all those who are still old-fashioned enough to believe that by the commission of criminal acts no body of workers can attain permanent success. What an opportunity was there to achieve prestige throughout the country if union labor had taken the initiative to purge its ranks of the McNamaras, of the Ryans, the Tveitmoes and the Clancys! Instead of looking askance upon these indicted men and demanding a thorough investigation of their conduct even at the eleventh hour, when the testimony adduced admitted of no doubt as to guilt, Tveitmoe's Building Trades Council in San Francisco was found blatantly asserting its absolute confidence in its secretary's innocence and assuring him by wire of the steadfastness of its faith in his integrity.

It is an attitude not calculated to recommend the council to the high esteem of thinking men outside union labor's ranks. They must conclude that it is bravado alone that prompts the voicing of such sentiments and in consequence the impression gains that union labor, per se, approves the nefarious acts of the men in its ranks who divert labor funds for an illicit purpose. We believe this view is unjust to union labor in the concrete. But it is further supported when the ranks of labor everywhere fall into line to release convicted law-breakers and the public hears no protest. We could wish that a leadership would arise just as powerful in support of the law as has developed in defiance of the statutes and that behind such leaders might be found the rank and file union workmen demanding the elimination of the despicable

agitators that connive at crime and exploit union labor to further their own selfish ends. Not until that time arrives can union labor attain to its supreme position as a great economic factor.

CUSTARD PIES AS REFORM AGENTS

SUPERINTENDENT Nellis of the Whittier reformatory school has applied to the legislature for an increased appropriation for the institution entrusted to his charge and among other complaints of inadequate equipment he tells our sympathetic solons that the ovens in the stoves are so uneven that the baking of custard pies is inhibited because the filling runs out. This appeal to man in his tenderest spot—his stomach—should not fail to bring favorable response. No Indianan in the legislature who has sniffed, with the "raggedy-man" of James Whitcomb Riley, the odor of custard pies in the baking will be able to withstand Superintendent Nellis' subtle adjuration. When he recalls that expansion of the nostrils, as portrayed by Riley, and the comment:

Ef my old nose don't tell me lies
It 'pears like I smell custard pies—

he will vote "aye" on the question of new stoves having even oven floors. No errant boy or girl can be coaxed back to the wholesome walks of life who is denied the solacing uplift of custard pies and while there may not be many pastry cooks over at Whittier to compare in artistry with Whitcomb Riley's 'Lizabeth Ann it is also likely that the gustatory cells of the youthful boarders are not so delicately adjusted as to demand the *ne plus ultra* in custard pies. We confess to a decided weakness for this delectable article of pastry and have been beguiled into all sorts of reform promises with this delicacy held before us as a bribe.

Whether it was custard or punkin pie that Mr. Emerson favored as breakfast food we have forgotten, but we like to think it was our favorite morceau. Pie, by the way, has always had peculiar appeal to politicians who are said to like to get their fingers into it, although it is plum pie, as a rule, they affect. Superintendent Nellis knows there is to be a rare distribution of corporation taxes this winter at the capital and it is but natural that he should long to be in on the pie, hence his naive request. Let us hope that by putting in his thumb he may pull out a plum that will insure the Whittier school against the loss of filling at all future custard pie bakings. We shall expect great things from the reformatory across the valley from us as soon as the appropriation is granted and duly expended.

PASSING OF THE CHARLATANS

ATTENDANTS at the concert given at the Auditorium in Los Angeles Tuesday evening by Leopold Godowsky, and who had heard—or rather seen—the pianists of the preceding generation, could not but be impressed by the contrast. Godowsky walked upon the stage, a quiet little man, business-like, alert. He sat on a plain, solid-looking chair, and simply played the piano. He made no unnecessary motions, did not sway his body or shake his head. His hair was of normal trim and not so designed as to hang around his face like the leonine mane of Paderewski. In other words, Godowsky acted upon the assumption that the audience at the Auditorium had assembled to hear him make music upon the piano, and not to see him perform contortions or gesticulate. He is a high type of the modern artist, who realizes that common sense has become such a general quality among concert goers, that he must rely upon his talent alone and not upon his gymnastic ability, to hold his place.

It is when one comes in touch with such a master as Godowsky that a realization is borne in of the vast amount of charlatany which has been permitted to grow up about many of the arts. There is no good reason why a man cannot paint as good a picture, play the violin as well, or write as good poetry in the style of clothing his lay brethren find to their taste. Mannerisms, which become exaggerated until they are merely bad manners, neither improve the pianist's touch, nor soften the painter's colors. One may be amused, sitting in the front row and hearing a De

Pachmann glibly chatter as he plays, but it is not pleasing to those who enjoy the art itself. It is the frantic effort of the lesser artist to impress the public with a distinctive personality that causes him to adopt bizarre methods of appearing different, forgetting that if he is to be remembered as an artist nothing should be permitted to detract from the effect of his performance.

Thus, with Godowsky, Lhevinne, and others of the modern school, there is no attempt to embellish their work with meaningless fripperies. They make their art their spokesman, not their tailor or their barber. On their programs appear no "assisting artists" of lesser caliber, to make their light seem to shine the brighter, or relieve those who find a unified program monotonous. The truly great artist does not find it necessary to distract attention from the main issue—his art.

SANE JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS

WITH the rapid development of material progress on the Pacific coast, the question of our relations with the new first-class power which has sprung up in Asia becomes more and more vital to the nation, especially to that part of it which occupies these maritime states of Washington, Oregon and California. International courtesy becomes an essential duty, if we are patriots. Here on the shores of the greatest of oceans we stand face to face with other powers, having actual or potential military strength which may well bid us pause before we give them just grievances. First, came the claims of justice, and then, when these claims are satisfied, the requirements of a dignified sense of courtesy. Let us try to see ourselves as others see us, and apply the same demands we make for ourselves to our neighbors. A certain difference in the complexion of the skin is no excuse for boorishness or unreasonableness.

Last year a book appeared from the press of one of our leading publishers, written by a Japanese, which arrested attention, as grasping present international conditions on the Pacific in a lucid way, "with restraint and sanity," to quote the words of the American Review of Reviews. "What prevents peace societies," it goes on to remark, "from purchasing an entire edition of the book, and scattering copies from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, especially along the Pacific seaboard of the United States?" Its author is in these parts today. "A chiel's among us taking notes, and faith he'll print them." Mr. Kawakami promises a sequel shortly to his "American-Japanese Relations," and our cities and ranches will furnish material for the story.

It is interesting to note that the natural and essential attitude of the Japanese scholar and patriot today is friendliness to the great republic which has in the past conferred so many benefits on his nationals. He cannot understand any cause for bluster or threatening war talk. While the Japanese government must resent any unfair treatment of her subjects resident among us, this is done in the kindest way, as something vital to self-respect. All over the island empire there are hundreds of Japanese who regard America as their second home. Besides, putting the matter on unsentimental grounds, Japan is poor in purse and cannot afford to pick a quarrel with a wealthy neighbor. They who suppose that Russia is going to take her dreadful rebuffs, her "black eye," of nine years ago without thought of retaliation or revenge, are surely ill acquainted with history or human nature. She is "biding her time," and Japan is none too strong to feel unconcerned over war-clouds. And China is another giant having the memory of defeats to wipe out, and many occasions for new quarrels. The wonderful astuteness which has marked the policy of the Japanese government hitherto, is not likely to fail it all at once. The United States has always been the friend of Japan, and she must be retained as a friend. Moreover, in the change of administrations which takes place next March, the two men of light and leading who will direct affairs, Woodrow Wilson and, possibly, William J. Bryan, are well liked and trusted by the Japanese. Indeed, Bryan stands to them for all that is best in the American character.

Gorky's Abysmal Study, "The Lower Depths"—By Randolph Bartlett

(TWENTY-EIGHTH PAPER ON THE MODERN DRAMA)

RUSSIA, more than any other country, is divided into castes as distinct as if they were created by edict of the Czar. There are the "intellectuals" of whom Tchekof wrote so effectively. There are the peasants in whom Tolstoy found his inspirations. There are the dominant aristocracy, the political agitators and reformers, the Jews—and there are Maxim Gorky's people. These latter are not merely the criminals, the unemployed, the poor, the social lepers and parasites—they are all this and more. They are the utterly degraded, degenerate, hopeless and helpless individuals among these outcasts. In his brief sketches of low life, Gorky has given occasional flashing glimpses at these men and women, but in one play he has herded a group of them together in a low, dank cellar, and apparently set out to show what worthless creatures can be made of human beings through the medium of their own vices.

"Nachtsyl" (the night refuge) has been a fair success from time to time in the European theaters for several years. It has been translated into English, effectively for the first time, by Laurence Irving, and a little more than a year ago was produced in London, but without success. It is now published in book form under the rather more suggestive title of "The Lower Depths." Its spirit has been expressed by James Huneker in his volume of "Iconoclasts," in which he says, "For years I have searched for the last word in dramatic naturalism, and in Gorky's 'Nachtsyl' I found it. . . . Gorky, himself a lycanthrope, pessimist, despiser of his fellow-men, has assembled in this almost indescribable and unspeakable melange—for it is not a play—a set of men and women whose very lives smell to heaven."

With the new standards for the drama which have arisen in recent years, however, one is bound to disagree with the statement that this is not a play. Even as Granville Barker deals with an English class in which the amenities of social intercourse are such that the outward "clash which makes the drama" is absent, so Gorky here has dealt with individuals who are in a state of incessant clash with one another and with life as a whole, but who lack the capacity for sustained effort which alone can provide the continuity that furnishes the story supposed to be essential to a drama. "The Lower Depths" is a great drama because, given the struggle and the motive, the story will take care of itself or be forgotten, and there is a whole drama in each of the characters of this play, the like of which never has been written in any country, so far as the students of the drama know. There are seventeen characters, and each of them is grovelling through life, howling, shrieking, tearing at his neighbor with but one demand, bare existence—and upon what inexpressibly sordid terms! To try to tell the story where story there is none would be an unprofitable task, so I will merely endeavor to give an idea of the sort of persons with whom Gorky has peopled his four acts.

Kostoloff, age 54, is keeper of a "night-shelter," in which men and women are herded together indiscriminately. Vassilisa, age 26, his wife, is the mistress of the "star boarder," Pepel, a thief, age 28. The latter has tired of the woman and is making advances toward her sister Natasha, age 20. Myedvyedeff, uncle of the sisters, is a corrupt policeman, bribe-taker and drunkard. Klesshtsh, age 40, a lodger, is a locksmith, priding himself upon the fact that he works for a living, and so is superior to the mere vagabonds, but he is a wife-beater, and his wife, Anna, age 30, is dying from consumption, brought on and aggravated by his brutality. Kvashnya, a middle-aged woman, hawker of meat pies, is a noisy shrew. Boobnoff, age 45, was a fur dyer once, but now merely makes a pretense of doing odd jobs of tailoring. The Baron, age 32, is a decayed specimen of the aristocracy, living upon the earnings of a sentimental street-walker, Nastya, age 24. Satine, a well educated satyr, and the Actor, both under 40, have no visible means of support. Alyoshka, a drunken bootmaker, age 20, When and the Tartar, carters by trade, and Luka, age 60, a pilgrim who brings into this nondescript horde a little philosophy of optimism all his own, complete the list. What a crew to place upon the stage, and with what righteous horror would the average American mother contemplate the idea of her young daughter witnessing such a play, the while she doubtless made her a Christmas present of Robert Chambers' latest experiment in pornography.

Almost all of these persons seek to escape from the degradation of admitting that they have sunk to the abysses, by living in a world of former greatness or comfort, real or imaginary. The Baron incessantly speaks of the time when he had his own

carriage, and his breakfast was served in bed. Satine, cynic though he is, cannot refrain from unctuously mouthing big words and scraps of learning to prove his mental superiority. The Actor—he himself cannot remember his own name—talks of his performances, but lacking specific cause for satisfaction with his present condition, takes lugubrious pleasure in repeating a phrase passed to him by a doctor—"my organism is poisoned with alcohol." Most pathetic of all of them, however, is Nastya, the street-walker. Dealing as she does in a spurious imitation of love, she builds up a romance from a cheap novel and pretends it is her own:

At night he would come into the garden and talk with me as we 'ad agreed—and I 'ad been waiting for 'im a long while, and I shook with dread and anguish. And he shook too, and—pale as honey, and 'e 'eld in 'is 'and a pistol, and he says to me in a terrible voice, "My own precious love—"

BOOBNOFF. Ho—oh! Precious?

THE BARON. Here! If you don't like it don't listen—let her lie—What then?

NASTYA. "My imperishable love," 'e says, "my parents," 'e says, "will not consent for me to marry yer—and threaten to curse me forever because of my love for you. Therefore I must," 'e says, "for that reason take my own life"—And 'is pistol was huge, loaded with ten bullets. . . . And I replied, "Oh, never can I forget you, my Raoul!"

THE BARON. Come, Nastya, steady on! Why, last time it was Gaston!

NASTYA. Silence, wretches! mongrels! D'yer think you—d'yer think you can understand—love? Real love? For mine was—real. (To Baron) You! Dirt!—an uneducated man, you—lay and drank coffee, did yer?—

LUKA. Come now, come—wait a bit. And don't you interfere! Show respect to folk—not in word, but in deed. It's the reason for a word that matters. Tell along, dearie girl, it's all right.

Until the arrival of Luka there was no one to listen to the reminiscences upon which these unhappy creatures fed their last shreds of vanity, but the whole philosophy of the little old pilgrim is summed up in the word "believe." "Is there a God?" the thief asks him. "If you believe it—there is" the old man replies, "if you don't believe it—there's not. That which you believe in, that is." So the last moments of the pain-racked, despondent Anna are cheered by his declarations that she is about to be transported to a place where there is no more suffering. The Actor is aroused to new hope by Luka's description of a hospital where they cure alcoholism. Typical of the uproar which runs through the play is the incident in which the Actor, not knowing Anna is dead, rushes into the cellar, his awakened mentality having brought back the recollection of his name, and certain verses which he declaims grandly, with a corpse for his only audience.

Even the thief falls under the spell of the old man's optimism for a time, and makes up his mind to go with Natasha to Siberia, and make a way for himself in the world decently. Then in one wild, howling scene, curses and blows exchanged impartially in a free fight, the thief kills the proprietor, husband of his former mistress, and the girl, Natasha, who has been beaten nearly to death, believing that Pepel and Vassilisa have conspired to get rid of both Kostoloff and herself, has them charged with a murder conspiracy. Then comes the strange turn of the drama. Luka, who alone knew the truth of the matter, and was able to bring about Pepel's release and enable him to carry out the plan Luka himself had inspired, drops from sight. In other words, there is no help for these folk. He would willingly stay a night or two with them, and deal out his cheery gospel of altruism, but when it came to taking an actual hand in the shaping of their destinies, he seemed to regard it as a waste of time, and carried out his program of continuing his pilgrimage "to little Russia—I'm told that they've found there a new faith—'ave to look into it—yes! People are always seeking and wishing—a better way. . . . God give 'em patience! . . . Who wishes strongly—finds."

Then comes a last act of quarreling, shouting, drunken singing, with interrupted discussions of Luka and his disappearance. Satine, alone, seems to have assimilated a coherent idea of what Luka meant to them all, and he expounds his view:

KLESSHTSH. 'E pointed 'em some place . . . and then—never showed 'em the way . . .

THE BARON. The old 'un was a humbug . . .

NASTYA. You lie! You're a 'umbug yerself!

THE BARON. Silence, lady!

KLESSHTSH. The truth . . . 'e didn't like it, the old 'un didn't. 'E stood firm against the truth. . . . and right 'e was! Yes—where's there truth 'ere? But without it—yer can't breathe . . . Look

at the Prince there . . . 'e's spoiled 'is and workin' . . . 'e'll 'ave to 'ave 'is 'and sawed off, see now . . . and there's some of yer truth!

SATINE (Striking his hand on the table). Silence! You're all of yer—cattle! Boys—shut up about the old man! (Calmer). You, Baron—are the worst of all! . . . Not a thing do yer understand . . . and—yer lie! The old 'un's no humbug! What is—the truth? Man—there's the truth! He understood that . . . you—don't! You're—as dead as bricks . . . I understand the old man . . . yes. He lied . . . but out of pity for you, devil take yer! There's lots of people that lie out of pity for their neighbors . . . I—know! I've read! Beautifully, inspiredly, affectingly they lie! There's the consoling lie, the perceptive lie . . . the lie to justify the burden that crushes the hand of the laborer . . . to lay blame on the starving. I—know about lies! The weak of spirit and them that live on the sap of others—it's them that need lying . . . some it supports, and others—it screens. But him—that's his own master . . . who don't depend on others and don't feed on others—why should he lie? Lying's the religion of slaves and masters . . . Truth's the God of the free man!

THE BARON. Bravo! Finely spoken! I—agree! You talk—like a decent man!

SATINE. Shan't a rogue sometimes speak the truth, when decent folk so often talk like rogues? . . . I've forgotten a lot, but—I shall know something! The old 'un! He had brains . . . He . . . worked on me like acid does on a dirty old coin . . . Let's drink to his health! Fill up . . . (Nastya pours out a glass of beer and gives it to Satine. He laughs).

SATINE. The old man lives his own way . . . looks at everything through his own eyes. Once I asked him, "Daddy, why are men alive?" . . . (Trying to speak in Luka's voice and to imitate his demeanor.) "Why—they live for the better man, dearie! Now, let's say, there's carpenters and the rest—masses—people . . . And then out of them a carpenter's born . . . a carpenter such as never was in all the world; above 'em all' never was his like for carpent'ring. 'E stamps 'imself on the whole carpent'ring trade . . . shoves the whole thing twenty years forward . . . And so on for all the others . . . Locksmiths then, . . . bootmakers and other working folk . . . and all the agriculturals . . . and even the gentry—they live for the better man! Each thinks 'e's livin' fer 'imself, yet it turns out it's for that better man. A 'undred years . . . and maybe longer, we 'as to go on livin' till the better man!"

They have all sunk so low that these are all only empty words to them. The mainspring of life has long since been broken, and they do not move. They are so much human junk, crowded into a filthy corner and existing, and the final curtain falls as the Baron calls in from the stairway that the Actor, who has dropped back into despondency after his brief period of good resolutions, has hanged himself.

These are just a few of the elements which enter into the composition of this abysmal study of degradation. They do not give a clear idea of the play, for that can be gained only through familiarity with the work itself. I have merely suggested the type of characters with which Gorky has dealt. Huneker, from whose review of actual performances of the piece in Berlin and Vienna I have already quoted, throws interesting light upon the manner in which the characters have been interpreted for stage purposes, and sums up by saying:

"An utter absence of theatricalism and a naivete in dramatic feeling proclaim Gorky a man of genius and also one quite ignorant of the fundamental rules of the theater. His four acts might be compressed into two, or, better still, into one. Only the fatigue and gloom engendered would interfere with this scheme, for there is far too much talk, far too little movement. Gorky, like many uneducated men of power, loves to moralize, to discuss life and its meanings. He is at times veritably sophomoric in this respect. Long speeches are put into the mouths of his characters, who forthwith spout the most dreary commonplaces about destiny, luck, birth and death. The strength of the play lies in presentation of character. Characterization with a slender thread of narrative, no effective 'curtains,' comprises the material of this vivid experiment. Nevertheless, it burns into the memory because of its shocking candor and pity-breeding truths."

("The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky. Translated by Laurence Irving. Duffield & Company, New York.)

Next week—"Patriots," by Lennox Robinson.)

President-elect Wilson opened a Pandora box of troubles when he expressed his belief that the secretary of the interior should be chosen from this side of the Rockies. Every western state now has its candidate and the New Jersey executive is being bombarded by their various advocates in letters, telegrams, and personal calls. California offers "Jim" Phelan.

CUSTOMS THAT ARE ESSENTIALLY FRENCH

IN conversation the other day with a native of the southern part of France near Bordeaux, the question of city prices and country prices came up. This man, who is, I believe, a contractor of some sort and now living in Paris, confessed that the height of his ambition and the end of all his desires was to have two hundred thousand francs, not more, of his own, safely invested, and to live in his native land. This country is rich in natural advantages, but poor in everything else, and I expressed the view that this man, accustomed to the bustle and movement of city life, and to the variety of business, would be utterly miserable buried down there in the country. And then the surprising confession came out: that his whole desire in life was not to have to work! I said if that was his sole desire he might go back home and loaf without two hundred thousand francs in the bank—a smaller sum would suffice. But he said he would be ashamed to do that. Like so many other boys he had come away from his native town to make his fortune in Paris. "But," I said, "you certainly could not go back there and boast of having made your fortune on the income of two hundred thousand francs—forty thousand dollars! All you can get here is about three per cent, and what can you do with twelve hundred a year?"

"I would be the richest man in all that country," he said. "With that money I could keep carriage and horses, and be the grand mogul!" He went on to tell me that I did evidently not know the country of France. It seems that everybody is hopelessly lazy. There is absolutely no hustle anywhere, and even if there was their railroad transportation is so bad that it would be impossible for them to market their produce. All they do and all they want to do is to raise enough to live on, to sell a little so as to have pocket money, and sit around the cafés, which takes the place of club life, and talk. They are all very close and drive hard bargains when they can, and they all have their "stocking" into which small savings are stuck.

In this particular case I think there was considerable disappointment when this man's father died recently and left almost nothing. I have an idea that the "stocking," being a mysterious sort of an unknown quantity, grows in size in the imagination of the prospective heirs. Also, that this country view of sufficient saving and the city view are very different. Anyway, so long as the old man was alive I received the impression of a rich father and expectations, and when he died I know that there was almost nothing.

But by persistent questioning I finally drew out the opinion that the principal blame attaches to three elements: drink, bad railroads and unjust taxation. Because the native Frenchman, talking to a foreigner, invariably defends his country, it is naturally impossible to get truthful opinions. But I believe I am right in saying that this man thinks the French nation no better off under the present government than under any other of the various regimes they have successively tried. It seems to be a question of one master or many masters, and the utter, despairing impossibility of rousing the people to quiet action. In other words, it is either grin and bear it or revolution. A middle course there is none. The idea of arriving anywhere by legislation never presents itself to the mass of people. Probably, because they know that it will simply be a change in the distribution of the pie. The countryman, I think, still feels himself to be a helpless slave. He finds it useless to make himself miserable about it, so he just loafs his life away, working just exactly hard enough to keep soul and body together and not one bit harder, putting a sou now and then in his stocking, a sou now and then in the saloon keeper's pocket, and living mostly on the produce of his kitchen garden and hencoop.

* * *

Two or three days ago there was a twenty-four hour strike against war. It was intended to be universal, but a large number of men were wise enough to know that a dollar in the pocket was worth more than a day's holiday for a vague object, so the strike was somewhat of a failure from the standpoint of the organizers. But it shows how little these people know of the two principal things which rule Europe, and perhaps the remainder of the world, today: human nature and the politics of finance. It is the object of these strikers and propagandists to get public opinion so fixed that, in case of war, these working men will refuse to march. It is also their intention so to overawe the governments that they will not dare to declare war. What foolishness! Most of these working men would welcome war as the greatest of blessings because it would mean a deliverance, at least, temporary, from the monotony of the daily grind. To the married man it would mean escape from the daily grumble; and to the

single man it would mean opportunities of untold romance, the kind you read about in books and see in the moving picture shows.

As for politics, that, of course, is merely a question of money. If it pays any particular faction or country to fight it will fight, even if thousands of lives are lost by it. Financiers do not count the cost. What foolishness, then, to deprive yourself of a day's wage for the sake of altering the inevitable. And the best of it all is that many of the strikers who signed their names at the offices of the labor unions have been since arrested for sedition and conspiracy.

Just how ready and anxious most men are to get out of the rut of the daily grind is shown by the results of a mistake made not long ago by a clerk for it made quite a stir at the time. This clerk was roused out of his bed in the middle of the night to receive a telegram from military headquarters ordering the mobilization of troops for maneuvers. He mistook this order for a call to arms and telegraphed all the military posts of his district to march. And they did march! In an instant they were out of bed and on the road, not only those who were really eligible for such duty, but hundreds of others who had no business to join the ranks at all except in the case of a call for volunteers! In other words every man cried to his inner soul: "Ah, at last, I am free! Tomorrow morning my post behind the counter sees me not! I am off for a lark. War? Danger? What has that to do with it? At least, I am free from those awful hours of grind!" And you may be sure that the same thing will take place everywhere. We are all primitive at heart, and when war is declared we all of us would wish for a moment that we had no ties, no wife and children for whose safety we must tremble, we only wish to go out and be savages once more. I have heard many an old soldier talk of the hardship of war, but behind it all there is always a note of regret that the days of war are past.

* * *

Speaking of telegrams, the service here is notoriously slow and irregular, but about the limit took place lately in a country town, I forget where, but it might have happened anywhere in France. A night watchman was killed and the local telegraph office sent three messages to the nearest police stations and judiciary. One of these telegrams was delivered thirty-six hours after it was sent, the other two were not delivered at all! Meanwhile, the murderer had plenty of time to get clean away. Unfortunately for the presumed murderer in this case, he told all about the murder as a piece of news in the very town where these lost telegrams should have been delivered twenty-four hours before they were actually sent out! In other words if the telegrams had been delivered this man might have been presumed to have known of their contents, but as they went astray his story of the crime looks like criminal knowledge and he has been arrested. The moral of which is that while the French telegraph system is bad its inefficiency is at times useful.

Of course, the telegraph offices here belong to the government, which sufficiently explains the lax management. But the laws of this state, even when the rulers have the best intentions in the world, lead to curious results. We all know how this state of things has arisen and how excusable it all is. In the days of the monarchy the accused criminal had no chance whatever. He waited, on occasions, for years for a trial, and was then often enough condemned simply because the judge had an engagement of a social kind and settled all cases in a hurry so as to get done with them. So, when the reform came, the criminal was given all sorts of chances to clear himself. But there are two curious workings of these laws as they regard swindlers which are worth recording. The one is that a swindler can give stolen funds as bail to get temporary freedom. The other is that, after a certain time, the money stolen actually becomes his property, and he can even sell stolen bonds and other securities and pocket the proceeds without reprisal!

This matter was brought into strong relief recently in the case of the swindler Rochette. It is said that he stole many millions of francs and that he has hidden securities of great value. He gave the court two hundred thousand francs of stolen money as bail and then disappeared. The state simply pockets the stolen funds and there is an end of the matter, except that after a few years Rochette can sell his filched bonds and spend the proceeds in his retreat, wherever that is, and the original owners of the securities are helpless in the matter unless they can produce the stolen valuables meantime. Rochette was a banker and the two hundred thousand francs which he paid over to the government for bail should, one would think, be used rather to pay off his depositors and creditors. But it is gone now. The state has pocketed it and it has vanished from view. Truly, the famous Gilbert could never have invented anything half so impossible!

The only new thing worth mentioning in the theat-

rical line this week is "Kismet" which is being given at the Theater Sarah Bernhardt with the great actor, Guitry, in the principal role. Exactly the thing has happened which one would expect in the French staging of this piece. The tradition of the French stage calls for a certain interpretation, and this interpretation is given in spite of the play. The action, already slow, is made infinitely slower. Every scene is dragged out as it might be in an old Greek tragedy, while the actors make grimaces supposed to be expressive of all sorts of sentiments, and defiles pass in soldierlike order supposed to represent the populace and lend local color to the scene. It is utterly bad from an artistic point of view, quite perfect, I suppose, from a French traditional point of view.

I have always been an enemy of French tradition, or any tradition, for that matter, except on the stage. It seemed to me that in art tradition might serve its purpose. But this play makes me feel that I am mistaken. After all, the best staging is generally the most natural. Especially is this true when mobs are to be represented. A lovely tableau does not give local color, and when this tableau, or a variation of it, is repeated over and over, it becomes wearisome. Everybody says that "Kismet" has nowhere been so badly given as in France. I know nothing of this, but I should think it might be so.

Paris, Dec. 26, 1912. FRANK PATTERSON.

BRADY'S GREAT MELODRAMA, "THE WHIP"

IN "The Whip," now being played at the Manhattan Opera House, old-time melodrama has reached a height. William A. Brady, Comstock and Gest have brought over the play from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, where it had a run of more than two consecutive years, and its drawing power is rapidly repaying the trouble they took to make a stunning production. The Manhattan Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein for grand opera and of late given over to various forms of lighter entertainment, seems to have come into its own. Its fine proscenium and beautiful curving balconies with their rich cheerful coloring provide exactly the right feel for "The Whip." Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, authors of the play, understand the proportion in which melodramatic ingredients should be mixed to produce the proper thrills. All the beautiful things that we have long associated with melodrama are there like old time friends, but in a form new enough to create a pleasant sense of anticipation. It all concerns a wonderful race horse, the love of two noble young things and the machinations of a villain, a villainess and a marriage that must be proved no marriage.

* * *

In the first scene are shown the kennels at Falconhurst. A nice young man is sketching and a nice young person comes dashing up on a horse and makes friends with him. Diana is the granddaughter of the Marquis of Beverly and the apple of his eye. Brancaster is a young blackguard cousin who has gone the pace and is somewhat in disgrace. The marquis keeps a racing stable for sheer love of sport. He will not have his horses commercialized. They must win because they are good horses, not because a bookmaker wants to make money. Racing secrets have leaked out from time to time and he does not understand it. The source is soon clear, however, for Myrtle Anson, sister of the best jockey on the place, has fallen into the net set by Capt. Greville Sartoris and for his sake has been playing the role of spy. Fine atmosphere is provided in this act by the hounds, dozens of them, rushing into their kennels and the racing horses fresh from a morning tryout. The talk is of "The Whip," a wonderful horse. Suddenly an automobile is heard and the machine driven away by Brancaster comes tearing by and goes off over the cliff. His companion, Mrs. D'Aquila, the woman in the case, is unhurt, but Brancaster is seriously injured.

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Now the plot begins to unfold. Sartoris with the help of Mrs. D'Aquila determines to play a bold game that will recoup the fortunes of both. Brancaster has gone so far with Mrs. D'Aquila as to secure a marriage license. His brain is so affected by his injury that even if he recovers, memory of certain events will be obliterated. Sartoris arranges with the curate to perform a marriage and write in the dates as Sartoris shall direct. The plan is carried out. Sartoris impersonates Brancaster and the marriage is recorded. Brancaster recovers and of course he and Diana find that they were meant for each other. Brancaster makes a noble resolve to live as a man should, but at the moment when everything is going his way Mrs. D'Aquila arrives with the marriage record. Diana is forbidden communication with Brancaster and general gloom falls over everything. Several of Sartoris' victims come to his rooms to plead for mercy and fair play but like a true villain he laughs them away. Comes first the curate, the fear of what he has done upon him. He gets a ten pound note and advice to leave

the city. Comes Myrtle Anson telling of her shame and pleading that he will marry her as he promised. He promises if she will tell the new secret, and he learns that "The Whip" is the horse that will win. Joe Kelley, the bookmaker, is shown in. Kelley delivers an ultimatum. Either Sartoris will pay notes that Kelley holds or they will be sent to Lady Diana whose signature Sartoris has obtained as endorser without her knowledge. There is one alternative. He must see that The Whip does not win the race. When Kelley was gloriously drunk Brancaster, at the instigation of Lady Diana, has laid a bet upon her with odds twenty to one. As The Whip is a sure winner Kelley will be broken, but he holds the cards against Sartoris. The next caller is Harry Anson. Sartoris tries to make Harry promise to pull the horse, threatening his sister's disgrace, but they boy will not sell his honor. He flourishes a pistol and leaves it behind when he takes his sister away.

* * *

The next scene is delicious. According to rules laid down by Jerome K. Jerome, in Stageland, the only person who can foil the villain is the comic relief. Tom Lambert is master of the stable, in special charge of The Whip. He has decided to take friends from the country to Tussaud's Wax Works. He is in the chamber of horrors when the Hon. Mrs. Beamish appears, Tom's old sweetheart who succumbed to ambition and married a cousin of the Marquis of Beverley. Since her widowhood Tom has been trying to make her remember the old days, but with the help of Burke's Peerage she has resisted everything except the pangs of jealousy. Tom sees her coming. He feels that he can never explain his presence in the chamber of horrors so he jumps on the platform with the murderers and pretends to be a waxwork. While he is still there impersonating Dr. Crippin the arch plotters come and standing just below him evolve their plan. The Whip is to be taken to Newmarket the next night. They must wreck the train. It runs through a tunnel. It will go slowly and Sartoris can slide along the side of the car, take off the tail light, uncouple The Whip's car and leave it there for the express to wreck. Tom can hardly contain himself, but, as overcome with emotion he swears that he will be there to save the horse, the doors shut upon him. No one can hear his frantic calls for help. It is Saturday. No attendant will be there before Monday morning. Tom must stay knowing that his horse is in danger. But Mrs. Beamish knew that Tom had not come out of the door, and when the Marquis of Beverley says that he will discharge Tom in the morning if he does not ride with The Whip that night she calls up the wax works and tells the guard that a man is locked in the chamber of horrors. Tom comes to the phone. She hears the plot. It is her turn to act.

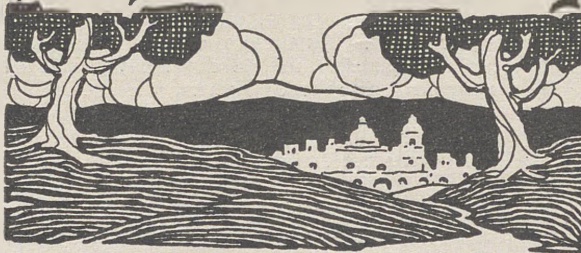
* * *

In the next scene the horse car is coupled to the train and the light affixed. The train gets under way and the swiftly moving country speeds by. The crawling villain according to schedule takes off the light and uncouples the car. The train speeds away leaving the horse to its fate. The whistle of the coming express is heard, then the toot of an auto horn. The auto rounds the curve. Mrs. Beamish has beaten the express train. The Whip is led to safety as the express crashes into the car killing and maiming any number of people. The curate is aboard and he performs miraculous rescues. It would seem as if the villain had been foiled, but the villainess is still able to invent. She suggests that they get the jockey out of the way through the pistol that Harry Anson left behind in Sartoris' rooms. It is a simple matter to go up to London and get a detective who will arrest him at the critical moment. It is time for the race. The Whip comes through with Harry on his back. In vain he pleads, the detective will not wait. The governors say that a new jockey shall be appointed. The Lady Diana alone can ride the horse. But the bookmaker says he will not pay if she rides. Brancaster must make the odds so that he can start anew and wed the Lady Diana. He comes forward and offers personal security to the crowd if they will see fair play. The detective is overpowered. Harry jumps on the horse and rides him to victory. In the moment of acclaim when the happiness of Diana and Brancaster is assured a new detective arrives. This time he has come from Scotland Yard, sent for by the Marquis to arrest Sartoris. The play is wonderfully staged. The cast is exceptionally good, but especial honors go to Miss Marie Illington who as the Hon. Mrs. Beamish gives a stunning performance, and to Mr. Lumsden Hare who gives an extremely interesting characterization of the curate.

New York, Jan. 6, 1913. ANN PAGE.

Down in Juarez, Mexico, the jockey club postponed all races because the course is coated with snow. How inconsistent, when the betting ring is well under cover.

By the Way



He Was From "San"

Avery McCarthy is wearing goggles this week to protect his bloodshot eyes. Last Saturday he motored down to San Diego with his family, planning to return north Sunday. He maintained his itinerary even though the mercury fell until the winds blew icicles in his skin. Half-frozen he pulled in to Henry Keller's hotel at Del Mar, on his way home, where he was greeted by a fresh young clerk with the salutation, "Hello! From Los?"

"No, from San," returned Avery without batting a frozen eyelash.

His pert interrogator paused and in a much meeker tone asked what he could do for the travelers. After a warm meal they set forth again, but, O, what a ride was that! The coldest weather California has known in forty years was experienced and by the time Los Angeles was reached Avery, who stuck to the wheel, was in a sad plight. His cheeks still show evidences of having faced a sand blast and his eyes are like slabs of red pepper. My sympathies and condolences. So glad I declined his invitation.

Prize Money That Was Wasted

There is a long, hearty laugh going the rounds in local real estate circles at the expense of the Holmes Walton Company, a well known Los Angeles firm that makes a specialty of founding town sites where barren soil grew before. Having selected lands that were destined to become a town, they were subdivided, sold for homes, and industrial sites planned with the usual advertising eclat, the promoters winding up by offering a cash prize for the person who might suggest the likeliest name for the metropolis in embryo. After the proper amount of publicity the company adopted "Montrose" which was suggested by one of the contributors, currently reputed to be Jay Barnes, masquerading under an assumed name in order to give Joe Montrose of the Majestic a perpetual monument. For this, good money was paid, but when application was made to the postoffice department to have a branch established there the request was refused owing to the fact that Montrose, Colorado, is on the map, and the postoffice authorities decided it would worry their clerks into an early grave trying to decide whether Montrose, Cal., or Montrose, Col., was entitled to the correspondence. In consequence, the firm is lamenting the prize money it awarded.

Rice Throwing Is Taboo

That is a bold edict issued by the operating department of the Southern Pacific railroad, which places a ban upon rice throwing at newly-married couples starting off on their honeymoon. The Espee has tabooed the rice on its trains, its depots and its ferries, in accordance with an order which went into effect the first of the month. This interdiction, railway officials state, is due to the fact that grains of rice often hit and annoy others than the honeymooners and then, too, they are so slippery as to cause persons to slip and fall, occasionally leading to serious injuries. I commend the order and hope it will be enforced. I wish it had been—well, never mind how many years ago.

Here's a Life Chance

Lucky the young person who is able to go abroad with Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue next June when the gifted pianist, organist, and president of the Dominant Club, chaperones her little personally-conducted party through Europe. It is safe to say that the young person with a musical bent will get all the good that a European tour can possibly yield at a minimum of expense under Miss O'Donoghue's wing, for in addition to her fine musical education the accomplished organist and director of Immanuel Church knows her Europe well, following a long residence on the continent. She plans to take her proteges to Munich in time to get a part of the great Wagner festival, then journeying to Nuremberg, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfurt, the Rhine cities, Holland, Brussels, Paris and London. Outward bound the party will stop at the Azores, next halting at Madeira, thence on to Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Italian

lakes, and Switzerland. It is an ideal trip. I should like to play courier to Miss Mary and her charges. An hour in her society is better than any tonic I know.

Sebastian's Good Record

In the reappointment of C. E. Sebastian as head of the police department, the municipal administration has made no mistake. The term is for one year, the chief being allowed a leave of absence as lieutenant, which is his regular position in the department. Barring a slight tendency to be spectacular at times, the present executive head of the police bureau is the best we have had in many years. His honesty never has been questioned, and he appears to be blessed with a much greater allotment of common sense than any of his predecessors. I should like to see his appointment continued indefinitely.

Good Mayoralty Timber

In the selection of Herman W. Frank as president of the board of education the city has once more proved its liberal views. Joseph Scott, a Roman Catholic, was the recipient of a similar honor at a prior election, and, like Mr. Frank, has been a member of the board since that body was taken out of the mire of partisan politics. It has been suggested that Mr. Frank might be prevailed upon to run for mayor of Los Angeles, and the idea has met with general approval.

Club Life Activities

Sketches for the proposed Knights of Columbus building, to be erected on Flower street south of Sixth, have been completed, and work on the \$100,000 structure is to begin in the near future. The handsome home of the Woodmen of the World, at Eighteenth street, north of Main, is also to be rushed to completion. Since its absorption of the Metropolitan Club, the Sierra Madre Club is bending its energies to providing a new building, for occupation at the expiration of its present lease. The combined Sierra Madre-Metropolitan Club will have a membership of nearly a thousand.

Money Trust Inquiry Far Reaching

In financial circles there is a report to the effect that at least two members of the banking fraternity of this city either have been or will be summoned to give testimony before the money trust in Washington. The exact nature of their evidence is unknown, but it is said that part of it will concern the attempted closing of the All Night & Day Bank about two years ago. It will be recalled that it was alleged at the time that the move to prevent the Skinner influence from securing clearing house privileges was a deliberate effort to freeze out certain persons—and a later effort succeeded in bringing about this result. But as the All Night & Day is a state bank, I fail to see where Washington is concerned in its affairs and scout the rumor. As to the California Petroleum Company's stock placing that is a different matter, however.

Problem in Tract Restrictions

Real estate continues to advance in almost every direction, and 1913 bids fair to be the most notable year of the city's history. A problem is coming, however, that is causing no little anxiety. I refer to the restrictions applying to the principal residence sections of the city, several of which already have elapsed and most of which, in the choicest locations, will have expired in two years. Among the districts affected will be several of the tracts out West Adams way. Builders with the apartment house bee in their bonnets are casting longing eyes in that direction, and the residents and real estate dealers are seeking a measure of self-protection.

May Live to Regret It

Senator Ashurst's defence of William Randolph Hearst in the upper house at Washington this week is said to have elicited an order from the owner of the Los Angeles Examiner to give the Arizonan anything he might ask. The latter will not be an aspirant for reelection for at least another four years, having drawn the Arizona long term in the amicable controversy between himself and Mark Smith, soon after the new state was admitted. However, Mr. Hearst not always has proved himself grateful. When James G. Maguire was a congressman and Hearst was a New York colleague, he went to the latter's rescue in a similar fashion. Grove L. Johnson, father of California's governor, was the assailant in that instance, his attack having been one of the most violent ever heard in either house. Less than two years later, Maguire was the Democratic candidate for governor of California, with the San Francisco Examiner the party's principal organ at the time. There was no Los Angeles Examiner in those days. The San Francisco papers, to the surprise and disgust of a large majority of the party organization, despite what Hearst owed Judge Maguire, practically threw him overboard, supporting

the Republican nominee. That incident drove Maguire from politics for years, after an honorable service, and it is only of recent date that he has been persuaded to take active interest again. Senator Ashurst's friends in Los Angeles, of whom there are many, are wondering how soon he will learn to regret his espousal of the Hearst cause.

Famous Pulpiters Called

Rev. Mark Allison Mathews, who is to be invited to become pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, is classed among the well-known preachers of the country. He was largely responsible for the recall of Mayor Gill in Seattle a few years ago—a civic upheaval that sent to prison for a term of years that city's chief of police. The latter made an ineffectual attempt to procure his release, but the retiring governor of the state declined to pardon him. Dr. Mathews, in addition to pulpit eloquence, enjoys a wide reputation for his work as moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In the events he accepts the call, Los Angeles will enjoy the distinction of having two of the nationally famous preachers lauded in a New York periodical. The other is Dr. Brougner.

Looking to Los Angeles

California's \$18,000,000 issue of state highway bonds is having rough sledding, and it is intimated that unless Los Angeles advances to the rescue and takes over a large number of these securities, they may not be marketed, which means a halt in the elaborate plans under way for a road system that is to extend from Siskiyou to San Diego. There are several apparent causes for the cold reception of these bonds. It is rumored that one is due to the fact that when the road was selected certain influential factors were not consulted. In addition, the bonds carry interest payments that are not especially attractive at this time. San Francisco, which is due to gain a great deal of benefit from the roadways, is offering no assistance, and Los Angeles is expected to solve the problem. As usual, it is a safe wager that the enforced responsibility will not be shirked by the local banking fraternity.

Rogers May Withdraw

It is more than likely that Clarence Darrow will not be defended by Earl Rogers at his second trial. The latter's condition is said to be giving his friends and family grave concern. There is a story afloat to the effect that while the McNamaras were waiting for their trials to be set, and Earl Rogers had been about decided upon as assistant district attorney to try the case, W. J. Burns, who had the evidence to convict the brothers, declared that if he had to report to Rogers he would withdraw from the prosecution. Burns and Rogers have been at loggerheads since the time of the San Francisco graft cases, when Rogers was of the counsel for the defence. It is asserted that Earl was engaged through the recommendation of certain high influence of the Los Angeles Times.

Out of the Frying Pan, Etc.

That Olaf Tveitmo and E. A. Clancy of San Francisco will be released from Leavenworth prison in a few days and that the former will be brought here for trial on an accusation similar to that which landed him in Leavenworth, is the prediction at the federal building, where Tveitmo is under indictment. Antonne Johannsen of San Francisco is also accused. Tveitmo is regarded by the government as the arch conspirator in the dynamite cases and it is thought that an effort will be made to give him another prison sentence here—with bail not so easily obtained as was true in the first instance. Tveitmo appears to have a remarkable hold on what is known as the militant faction among the labor unionists of San Francisco—the crowd which elected Eugene E. Schmitz as mayor, and later placed P. H. McCarthy in the executive chair. It is this faction which has always felt that its triumph will be complete only when Los Angeles is made a closed shop city.

Mikado May Come Here

Los Angeles may have opportunity to entertain Japan's new emperor in the not distant future. One of the prominent residents of the Mikado's land has been advised that the emperor contemplates a visit to the Pacific Coast, probably in 1915. His Majesty will come in one of the warships of his country, landing first at Vancouver, B. C., and making his way south by easy stages, thence along the coast, through the Panama canal to the Mediterranean and home. The emperor will visit England and France soon after his coronation in November.

Only One Drawback

Admirers of Don Refugio Del Valle are disturbed lest he be overlooked by the new administration when it comes to appointing an ambassador to Mexico. It appears that Don Felix Martinez of El Paso is also desirous of the position, and has considerable polit-

ical backing, having been at one time a Democratic aspirant for United States senator from New Mexico. Don Refugio Del Valle never sought a United States senatorship, but he was lieutenant governor of California a good many years ago, and one of the two Democratic electors to split the state for Wilson. The former state senator has only one drawback—his affiliation with the Hearst-Bell wing of the Democracy. Perhaps at the request of William Jennings Bryan, of whom Del Valle has been an ardent follower for many years, Wilson may decide to overlook Don Refugio's unfortunate political alignment.

Johnson Dominates Legislature

From Sacramento a correspondent writes that Governor Johnson once more is the dominant factor in matters legislative, and while there are several members who would like to tilt lances with the state's executive, they feel that the governor is too powerful to antagonize. Although Stanley Benedict failed to land speakership honors in the assembly, Southern California, especially Los Angeles, has strong influence in the capital. The argument was advanced in the recent speakership struggle that with the lieutenant governor hailing from this end of the state, it would be unfair for the house committees also to be chosen from here. With Lee C. Gates and N. W. Thompson both in the upper house, I imagine there is little chance for the Torrence law to gain the amendment that is necessary to render the act serviceable.

Result of Cold Wave

Indications are that about thirty per cent, possibly more, of the citrus crop in Southern California will be a total loss, as result of the recent cold wave. The city is filled with visitors who seem not to mind the cool weather and who, when they hear from home, congratulate themselves that they would have fared much worse had they remained in the east.

To Hear Local Issues

Los Angeles is to have an extended visit from the state railroad commission in February. The board is due here February 10, in order to hear the case involving rates to and from Los Angeles and the harbor, in which the Santa Fe and the Salt Lake are interested parties. The next day the issue brought by Inglewood for five cent fares to and from Los Angeles on the Los Angeles Railway will be decided. February 12 the commission will hear whether or not the Angel's Flight Railway should be permitted to increase its bonded indebtedness.

Double Tracking Transcontinentals

Double tracking of the Santa Fe is being rushed across the continent, and by 1915, the entire system, as far as Newton, Kan., will be equipped. From there east the company has for years used two tracks. The Southern Pacific is also similarly occupied with its entire line, and by the time the Panama canal is in operation, it is altogether likely that a transcontinental train will leave Los Angeles every other hour of the twenty-four. The Western Pacific should be running in and out of Southern California by that time, and the Rock Island and the Hill system also are expected to have their own rails at tidewater.

None Better Anywhere

Vernon avenue's cross-town car line having been auspiciously opened January 1, the Los Angeles Railway now is preparing for a similar enterprise along Vermont avenue. The latter feeder is to be ready in about two months, and will give to the city a traction service not surpassed anywhere. I hear that Henry E. Huntington is to arrive in Los Angeles from New York early in February.

It Is President Ingold Now

My felicitations to the Los Angeles Ad Club this week because of the installation of Ernest Ingold, the modest, but clever young assistant to President Elder of the Los Angeles Investment Company, as president of the publicity men's association. The club has acquired a brilliant executive and a successful year of endeavor seems assured. At the same time, I hear that a capable set of lieutenants was also inducted into office last Tuesday.

Meet 'Em Face to Face

Distinctly novel is the invitation extended by the Photoplayers, a newly-formed organization of motion picture men of Southern California, to the general public to "meet your favorites of the motion pictures face to face." The newly incorporated society is planning to plunge into its first social venture with a St. Valentine's ball at the Shrine Auditorium, the night of February 14, inviting the general public as guests. The motion picture following is so large here that I question if the Shrine Auditorium will be able to accommodate all those who will seek to meet their film favorites face to face. The Photoplayers is composed of the officials, stars, scenario writers and active members of that por-

tion of the film world that is located in Southern California. It corresponds in character to the Screen Club of New York.

Two Ready Writers

Los Angeles readers of the Times and of the Examiner are to be well supplied with news from the state capitol through the present session of the legislature. Lou Guernsey is at Sacramento for the Times. He is a veteran political writer and has a straight-away, breezy style. He covered the presidential campaign for his paper in as capable a manner as a writer could do on a prejudiced organ, and has held office in several of the Southern California political organizations. Jimmy Nourse was for several years city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, but failed to receive the hearty support of his men because of too frequent beratings. He was shifted to the position of Sunday editor when Howard Morton was sent out from New York to take charge of the local room. Nourse wields a ready pen and is a keen news gatherer so that little of local interest will be overlooked at the capital.

Discouraging a Local Industry

Publicity promoters in general and press agents for actresses in particular will receive a smart check if the ordinance which Chief of Police Sebastian has framed making it a misdemeanor for persons to make false reports of robberies to the police, is enacted into law by the city council. What a grief never again to take up our morning paper to read that Miss Zaza Sapho has been robbed of thousands of dollars worth of jewels! Perhaps it will stimulate the lethal minds of the purveyors of publicity to original work. The chief declares that many persons have been using this means to secure cheap publicity. He also states that husbands who have spent all their wages in having a "good time" go home to tell their better halves thrilling tales of holdups and the like, telephoning or writing to police headquarters in order to lend verisimilitude to their stories.

Editors and Owners

I wonder if Jack Elliott read that touching article in Life, written by Tom Masson, reciting the recent fracas between Norman Hapgood and Robert Collier. "It suggests," says Tom, "that there ought to be a line drawn between the editor and the owner of a periodical. The business of editing and of writing is a specialty. It does not usually go with the talent for making money. On the other hand, the talent for making money doesn't go with editorial ability. When you attempt to mix the two, the results are not satisfactory. As a rule, those gentlemen who have either inherited money enough or have made it, and own periodicals, are possessed with an insane desire to edit them. They want in addition to the ability to make money the credit for being literary. They usually start out by acquiring a good editor and, later on, become jealous of him because his work must of necessity advertise itself. It is on much the same principle that a housekeeper, who does not know how to cook, cannot keep out of the kitchen. Some housekeepers and some owners of periodicals never seem to realize that too many cooks will spoil any broth." Jack and I have known of such cases right in Los Angeles.

Assemblyman Mouser has "completed" a bill to create a board of administration that shall have charge of all state institutions except prisons and the university. It contemplates three appointive commissioners at \$4,000 a year whose duties are not to encroach on those of the board of control. Evidently, it is the governor's own measure to increase his appointive power. Mouser, of course, never drew it.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes

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Music

By W. Francis Gates

Evidently Jupiter Pluvius was tied up by the freeze this week. After fifteen years of faithfully sending rain on the just and the unjust pianist, he allowed an artist of Leopold Godowsky's rank to come and go without one of the Southern California "showers of blessing." Joseph Hoffmann once varied his concert by a fire across the street; but it remained for the modern successor of Liszt to bring ice skating and frozen orchards. It is to be feared that the Behymerian mascot is falling out of favor with the rain god and that the agriculturists must look elsewhere for the necessary moisture. When Leopold Godowsky was here eleven or twelve years ago, he played to a \$47 audience at Simpson Auditorium. Tuesday night, his audience, in the Philharmonic course, numbered about 1500. Of these, possibly 700 would have been present had the recital not been on a "bargain list." Consequently, the lapse of a decade shows a gain in musical interest in Los Angeles. Inasmuch as it would take an audience of perhaps a thousand at regular rates to pay the expenses of such a recital, it easily may be seen why more artists are not produced in concerts not on the Behymonic courses. Since that Los Angeles appearance, Godowsky has climbed to the highest point of European esteem. When one says he is the present day wearer of the Lisztian mantle, it is not a stretch of the imagination, for he can play as brilliantly as Liszt all that Liszt wrote and a good deal that is beyond the days of Liszt. But of the latter he gave only one hint in his program of Tuesday, his own "Metamorphosis" of a Strauss waltz. The paraphrases of the Chopin works that have set the pianistic world agog were missing and none of the more brilliant works of Liszt was given. Mr. Godowsky evidently is tired of holding the stage as the world's most brilliant pianistic technician, for his program was rather conservative and away from the lines of his former offerings. It was a half hour longer than is customary, and that without encore numbers, for the omission of which he is to be congratulated. The audience reflected the state of the weather somewhat, possibly on the idea of "Well, if you won't play encores we will moderate our applause." For purposes of future reference, the program is given, as follows:

Sonata, op. 81, E flat (Beethoven); "Les Adieux," "L'absence," "Le Retour," "Two Songs Without Words" (Mendelssohn); variations on a theme by Paganini (1 Book) (Brahms); Renaissance (Godowsky); "Pastoral" (Angelus) (Corelli); "Tambourin" (Rameau); "Musette" and "Rondeau" (Rameau); "Le Caquet" (Dandieu); "Gigue" (Lully); sonata, op. 58, B minor (Chopin); Allegro maestoso, Scherzo, Largo, Finale; Au bord d'une source (Liszt); Concert Study, F. Minor (Liszt); Symphonic Metamorphoses of "Kunstlerleben," by Strauss (L. Godowsky).

Allowing first place in the operatic performances at the Auditorium last week to "Aida," that of "La Tosca" came a good second. Perhaps it is the dramatic quality of the work which appeals to the listener as well as the beauty of the music. For here is opera that is also drama. The old school of opera composers virtually said "never mind the story; we will cut and slash and mutilate or prolong the action of the plot to fit our dearly beloved arias and duets and choruses." And so the prime elements of their operas became the opportunities given the soprano and the tenor for showy arias

and their skill in playing up a big chorus effect at the close of each act. Then the pendulum swung to the other extreme and the moderns in turn cry. "What do we care for melody or harmonic sequence! We will make the music fit the disjected, ejaculatory style of the librettos. We will make drama out of music." And it has seemed as if the most modern school or group of composers might be ready to offer a prize to the analyst who should discover an eight measure melody in the course of one of their works. In the first group one may cite any of the works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, the young Verdi and the host of their followers; in the latter category, the chief exemplars are Richard Strauss and Debussy with followers like Zandonia, whose "Conchita" was introduced here by the Lambardi company this season.

Puccini has a strong tendency toward the latter style in his more recent works. "La Tosca," composed fourteen years ago, was his second successful opera, the more tuneful, "La Boheme," being his first to satisfy the public. In this opera, the composer achieves the safety of a middle ground, but rather on the modern side of the dividing line. "Tosca" was a powerful, though not sugary, drama, from the hand of that past master of dramatic possibilities and effects, Sardou. In the libretto, much of the strength is preserved and the composer has set music to it which alternates tune with temperament, melody with dramatic phrase. The action of the play holds the eye, the beautiful orchestration, and at times vocal arias, the ear. Having these requirements, "Tosca" needs a strong cast. Two members of the Lambardi cast measured up to its needs—Esther Adaberto as Tosca and Agostini as Cavardossi, the painter. In the role of Scarpia, the dominant one of much of the opera, Giovacchini showed improvement over his appearances in other roles and gave a hint of the sardonic flavor of the wily baron; but he hardly dominated the act as have certain of his predecessors here in that role. The remainder of the cast was decidedly weak, save the acting of Pineschi, as police spy, who evidently felt his repulsive make-up. The attendance was not what the opera or the principals deserved.

Select and exclusive is the Musicians' Club recently organized, composed of the following: Clifford Lott, Thos. T. Drill, E. E. Davis, Edw. Lebegott, J. P. Dupuy, W. H. Lott, C. F. Edson, Fred G. Ellis, and Henry Schoenefeld. Certain death is promised to the man in this club who "talks shop," it is reported.

In entertaining Cornelia Rider-Posart, the Ebell Club did honor to a pianist last week who has achieved international fame, one who really is better known in Europe than America. Her parents live in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rider of Westlake avenue. On her way to Portland, Oregon, for a musical engagement, she paid them a short visit and played for the Ebell Club. Her program included the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer," Chopin D flat prelude and B flat minor scherzo, D'Albert's gavotte in D minor, a Grieg nocturne and a Rubenstein etude. She was assisted by Grace Whitney Mabey, soprano. Mrs. Posart will play with the Damrosch orchestra in New York, February 9.

Last week the theatrical and musical

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section of Los Angeles was shocked to learn of the sudden death, in New York, of Mortimer Lazard. Mr. Lazard was well known as the road manager of various of the prominent artists who have toured the country and was just starting west on a trip with Mme. Sembrich, expecting to arrive here the latter part of this month. He served his apprenticeship with L. E. Behymer and from that graduated to a wider field. His parents and other relatives live in Los Angeles and the interment will be in this city.

Tonight a gathering of former New England Conservatory students will take place at the home of Miss Frances Pike, Sixteenth and Western avenue, for the formation of a local alumni association. There are many musicians in the city and vicinity who have attended that school and plenty of material for such an association.

Last Sunday's popular orchestral concert showed considerable improvement over its predecessor. But the managers should insist on the full number of rehearsals by each member. There are plenty of players in the city and the men who are lax in this respect should be replaced with those more amenable to discipline. Mr. Lebegott works hard for the artistic success of the orchestra; the committee from the Music Teachers' Association gives its time to the business management without remuneration. The attendance is gradually increasing, but the public interest can be held only by interesting programs—such as that of last Sunday and of tomorrow—played after enough rehearsals to present a good ensemble. Kindness, tolerance and coaxing are out of place in an organization like this. The coaxers will take advantage. Full attendance on the three rehearsals and a rigid discipline therein is the only method by which satisfactory performances can be given and the public interest maintained. The program tomorrow includes: Prelude to "Lohengrin" (Wagner); "Peer Gynt" suite (Grieg); Concert Overture (Rudolf Kopp); Song Without Words (Tschai-kowsky); Overture to "Sicilian Vespers" (Verdi).

At very short notice Florence Dillon, Los Angeles soprano, was substituted for Caroline White in "Aida," in the Chicago Opera Company, last week. Miss Dillon's friends have been warm in their congratulations.

Behymer's Coming Attractions

Introduction of several famous operas not heretofore heard on the Pacific Coast or in Los Angeles, is making the present grand opera season at the Auditorium a noteworthy one. The roster of the principals, embracing about twenty eminent artists, is also of unusual worth. The repertoire for the coming week, beginning Monday night, Jan. 13, will include Massenet's sensational "Thais," which has been heard in Los Angeles but once before. In this famous opera, which afforded Mary Garden and Sybil Sanderson a vehicle to fame, Madame Regina Vicario, the leading coloratura soprano of the Lambardi company is to sing the title role. Another new work to be heard is Giordano's masterpiece, "Andrea Chenier," with its intricate score. The premiere in this city will take place Thursday night, with a repetition Saturday afternoon. The repertoire in full for the third week, beginning Mon-

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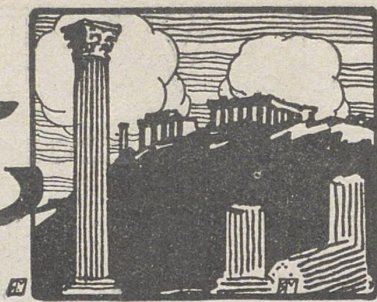
day, Jan. 13, is as follows: Monday, Thais; Tuesday, Il Trovatore; Wednesday matinee, Fedora; night, Rigoletto; Thursday, Andrea Chenier; Friday, Thais; Saturday matinee, Andrea Chenier; night, Cavalleria Rusticana and I'Pagliacci.

Los Angeles is to have but one opportunity to hear Madame Corinne Rider-Kelsey, the concert soprano and Claude Cunningham, the baritone, who will give a recital Monday evening, Jan. 27, as a feature of the Philharmonic course. Madame Rider-Kelsey is said to be the highest priced church singer in America, and in duet work with Claude Cunningham she is known all over the country.

Gottfried Galston will offer a piano recital Tuesday evening, Jan. 14 at Blanchard Hall.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
Miscellaneous Collection—Steckel Gallery.

In order to create the proper amount of attention from the public and press, George Moore, upon his recent arrival in New York, declared that we "are at the end of our art age." By "we" he meant, of course, that the civilized world is at the end of an art age. A careful reading of the highly amusing and altogether absurd interview which Mr. Moore was short sighted enough to allow the newspapers of the world to print broadcast brings the intelligent reader to a realization of the harm that superficial criticism in matters pertaining to art is constantly wreaking upon the progress of the craft in both Europe and America at the present time.

As we analyze the startling and altogether ill-advised statements with which Mr. Moore is credited, we soon reach the final conclusion that he knows less than nothing about the subject he so freely discussed. What is this art age that is just ending, and when, pray tell, did it begin? Most of us have been laboring under the apprehension that the world was just now preparing for the nativity of a new regime in art. Never was art in a more chaotic state of experiment than it is to-day and never has its future seemed so promising of success as present indications attest. Our art is torn between the telling influence of three periods of development. These may be termed the "old school," the "impressionistic school," and the "futurists," or, if we like, the "literalists," "the idealists," and "the emotionalists," or, even as one critic terms it, the "good, bad, and indifferent methods of paintercraft."

However, we are truly at the dawn of a new day in the art of the world and if indications err not, it will be a bright and golden awakening. I venture to go so far as to name this new development "the period of light" in art and I mean to be understood in a literal sense. The past achievements of our great masters was an age of darkness. Study the massive, somber-hued canvases of Van Dyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, and others more or less distinguished. Darkness prevails in all their work. Rich deep tones of dull and unilluminated color characterize the canvases of the old masters. Our modern workers have said "let there be light," and for the last decade their chief concern has been experiments in light and air upon canvas.

We are ready to admit that our modern art is feverish and often suffers from convulsions, but this condition is due merely to an exuberance of vitality. "Art is breaking out in so many new directions," says a clever art writer, "that it cannot help being rather restless and unsettled." But this is not to be regarded as a symptom of ill health and certainly does not suggest an early decease. People talk so much just for the sake of talking and say pessimistic things just because it is considered rather smart to be on the negative side, and I have no doubt they really amuse themselves in this manner and it may be as well to let them alone for, after all, because one person says a thing seldom makes it so. Unfortunately, there are thousands who will take Mr. Moore's dire prediction as law and gospel and who will unbind their hair, don esthetic sackcloth and throw ashes of roses upon their persons, and cry in the public places, "Woe is me." Just the same,

art will march steadily onward to its final goal quite unmindful of carping critics and ignorant laymen.

Art has existed from the beginning of time and it seems reasonable to believe that it will not perish until the human race vanishes off the face of the earth. The craving for art is one of the strongest human instincts and so long as there are human beings who have any instincts at all there will be art in one form or another in spite of Geo. Moore, Esquire.

I have often wondered as I have conducted my readers from week to week on our little journeys to the studios of local painters if any have stopped to consider how many of these jaunts have ended in a barn. As a general rule we think of a barn as a place for the family nag and the surrey, but those who read my art journeys have discovered that barns are much sought after by the art folk for studio purposes. After an artist has set up his household goods in such outbuilding I suppose we should cease to call the place just plain "barn." It at once undergoes a transformation and is soon scarcely recognizable as the former habitation of old Dobbin. It becomes the "barn beautiful," or better still, the "barn glorified" and we visit it with zest and fervor and admire its unique interior, drink tea with the artist, and the barn idea is completely obliterated.

Perhaps, in time, we will conduct a series of Little Journeys to the "barn studios" of Los Angeles, and I am sure that we will find many worthy canvases occupying conspicuous hanging space in the oat bins or the harness rooms. Who does not recall the attractive barn studio of A. Stirling Calder, now the palatial abode of Professor Wagner, once known as plain Rob Wagner, painter? I could name a dozen painters of worth who work in barn studios and whose output is anything but "horsey." I don't know whether or not that chap that paints corn ever lived in a barn, but if natural environment means anything in art he no doubt has. Last week I discovered a new painter who lives in the most attractive barn studio it has been my good fortune to find. This young artist is Francesco Cornejo, late of the City of Mexico, now to be found at No. 1817 1/2 South Flower Street. Next week I shall tell my readers about this young genius and his work and also about his "barn beautiful."

Horatio Walker, R. A., the famous Canadian painter who is almost an American by his affiliations with us, is coming here soon. He will pass the winter in Pasadena.

Edmund Osthaus, the painter of hunting dogs, has come from New York to remain through the winter in Los Angeles. Osthaus follows the hunting meets from place to place and has won fame through his pictures of these exciting scenes. He has also painted portraits of famous dogs.

The third annual exhibit of the California Art Club was sent to San Francisco where it was shown in the San Francisco Art Institute from December 17 to January 3. It will probably go to Stanford University.

From the brush of Joseph Greenbaum is a striking new portrait, that of Mrs. Morris Albee, in which the fair sitter, gracefully posed, is seen in a picture hat of exquisite shape and color.

Notes From Bookland

Mr. Galsworthy might be described as one who is not merely a man of letters, but a gentleman of letters, says a writer in the London Nation. His novels, plays, essays and poems are, in one aspect, a very propaganda of gentlemanliness among the upper and middle classes. No other living author gives one the same impression of having found in noblesse oblige a gospel of glad tidings—at least, of consolatory tidings—for the human race. In one of the essays in the present volume, an essay on a dog that was "very much of a gentleman," he suggests his evangel in a few sentences. "He was certainly no Christian; but . . . he was very much a gentleman," he writes of the dog. "And I also think that most of us who live on this earth these days would rather leave it with that label on us than the other. For to be a Christian—as Tolstoy understood the word, and no one else in our time has had the logic and love of truth enough to give it a coherent meaning—is (to be quite sincere) not suited to men of western blood. Whereas—to be a gentleman! It is a far cry, but perhaps it can be done." That is essentially the Galsworthy message. In these few sentences he gives us a clew to the secret of the personality which has so gravely and so surely conquered the enthusiasm of the world of letters. Every work of art, it has been said, is merely the revelation of a personality. Mr. Galsworthy's works reveal to us, both in their virtues and their limitations, the personality of a very perfect modern gentleman. Not a knight, mark you! He is not sufficiently extravagant or mystical to be a knight. If you want to find a parallel to Mr. Galsworthy in past ages, you will have to go to ancient Rome and the Stoics. He has at once the awful resignation and the awful sense of responsibility which made stoicism so much more rare and difficult as a rule of life than even Christianity. Like the greatest of the Stoics, Marcus Aurelius, again, he has a vast background of imaginative pity to his stern creed. In Mr. Galsworthy's case, however, the sternness seems every now and then to be wholly swallowed up in the pity.

In Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Lost World," there is a scene where Challenger, the colossal, goes fighting and crashing down the hall with the newspaper man that reminds one more or less of Conan Doyle's own career. Doyle has been a good fighter in his time and there is a story that he gained his first patient through a fistcuff melee. When he started for himself as a young doctor in Southsea he was walking out late one night when he came upon a workingman belaboring his wife. Doyle immediately interfered, first orally and then physically, only to have the lady turn upon him and join her husband in attacking this disturber of their marital amenities. If a sailor had not happened along and, resenting the injustice of two against one, "taken on the lady," it would have gone hard with Doyle. As it was, he defeated the "less deadly" element of the duel, and he and the sailor took to their heels. Next day to his consternation he found the woman at his doorstep with a baby and a beautiful black eye, both in need of attention. She did not recognize him, however, and he treated mother and baby successfully, but, much to the woman's surprise, refused to take any money for treating her eye.

Next week Doubleday, Page & Co. promise a serio-humorous novel by Harry Leon Wilson, entitled "Bunker Bean." Mr. Wilson will be remembered as the collaborator with Booth Tarkington in the successful play, "The Man From Home." He is also the author of "The Seeker," "The Spender," "The Lions of the Lord," etc. In the coming spring two new books by Mau-

rice Leblanc, creator of the famous detective-criminal, Arsene Lupin, will be published. One of these books, it is understood, will give the confessions of Lupin. A new adventure novel, by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, entitled "The Devil's Admiral," the scenes of which are laid in the Orient, is also promised. Besides these there will be a book by the novelist, J. C. Smith, dealing with industrial and political conditions in Great Britain.

Mr. Egan, our minister to Denmark, has endeared himself to the Danes by his series of "Danish Landscapes" sonnets, well done into Danish by Mr. Holstein-Rathlow. "Elsinore" appeared in Collier's, "A Danish Castle" in The Century, and "A Swimmer at Elsinore" will soon appear in Scribner's. Three others, "Sunset at Kokkedal," "In Asgar Hamerick's Rose Garden," and "A Danish Sailor" appear in the New Scandinavian Review, edited by Henry Goddard Leach. Mr. Egan's impressions of the sea are at first hand—in the summer, he was almost constantly in the Sound, floating placidly, and so much at home in the water that the Danes call him the "Amerikanske vand hund." To float for an hour, smoking a cigar in the quiet Sound, is regarded by the sons of the Vikings as an art.

It is probably not generally known that Theodore Dreiser, author of "The Financier," wrote the words to the chorus of "On the Banks of the Wabash" fourteen or fifteen years ago. Mr. Dreiser said: "I went to see my brother, Paul Dreiser, who was in search of an inspiration for a new song. 'Why not make it a river song?' I suggested, and sat down then and there and wrote the words beginning 'Oh, the moon is fair to-night along the Wabash.'" Mr. Dreiser says of his brother, that he wasn't a poet and he wasn't a composer in the popular sense of the word; but he adds: "He was a marvelous man, a great personality—one of the most wonderful I have ever known. I am very proud that I had a little part in his most famous song."

George W. Ogden, whose career as a novelist was begun a few weeks ago with the publication of his first novel, "Home Place," admits that he has tried many ways of earning a living. Once he helped organize a penny daily in San Francisco at a time when the small coin was unrecognized by the commerce of the Pacific Coast. In the three days of the newspaper's existence, Mr. Ogden interviewed Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army; Queen Lil of the Sandwich Islands; her successor, President Dole, and William Jennings Bryan.

In its list of fiction for the coming year the Frederick A. Stokes Company has the following novels: "Ranching for Sylvia," a story of adventure in Canada, by Harold Bindloss; "Frontiers of the Heart," by Victor Marguerite; "Declension of Henry D'Albiac," by V. Goldie; "Bobbie, General Manager," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "The Life Mask," by the author of "To M. L. G."; "The Sixty-First Second," by Owen Johnson; "Roast Beef Medium," by Edna Ferber, and "The Dream Ship," by Cynthia Stockley.

William Dana Orcutt, who is publisher as well as author, believes that a writer does his work all the better for having another business or profession. "I'm afraid I'd soon go stale if I did nothing but write," he says. "I have to do the work at nights and for recreation. But I think I do it all the better for that." Even though hard pressed for time the author of "The Moth" believes that his business activities keep him in touch with the phases of human life.

The interesting statement is made by the Macmillans that one of the last things to which Whitelaw Reid gave his attention before his death was the publication of his book, "One Welshman: A Glance at a Great Career," a study of Thomas Jefferson, which has just been brought out in this country.

Social & Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor of 9 Berkeley Square will entertain this afternoon with a tea from four to six, in honor of Mrs. Paul Howard. Both men and women have been invited to the informal reception. The house will be fragrant with flowers and ferns.

Mrs. Charles Colcock Jones of Occidental boulevard entertained Wednesday with a reception at the Sierra Madre Club. A color scheme of pink was carried out with carnations, tulle ribbon and ferns, and the table was softly lighted with pink-shaded candelabra, while place cards were hand-painted novelties. Covers were laid for Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., Mrs. W. J. Chichester, Mrs. Albert M. Stephens and Mrs. Albert M. Stephens, Jr., Mrs. Raymond Stephens, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Donald Frick, Mrs. William Monroe Lewis, Mrs. Page of New York, Mrs. Bessie McGoodwin, Mrs. Stuart Salisbury, Mrs. W. R. Wharton, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Ernest Q. Stanton, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, Miss Lulu McGoodwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell of South Figueroa street entertained a number of the younger set Monday evening with a theater party, followed by supper at the Connell home. Thirty-eight guests enjoyed the evening. After supper, which was served at tables decked with American Beauties, the young folks enjoyed an informal dance.

Mrs. Clarence C. Carpenter of 1158 West Twenty-seventh street has issued cards for a reception to be given Wednesday afternoon, January 22, in honor of her daughter and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., and Mrs. Clarence E. Carpenter, both of whom are recent brides. The young folks are now living at Redondo Beach.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of Wilshire boulevard gave a luncheon at the California Club Wednesday, the guests of honor being the debutantes of the season. Monogrammed cards marked places for forty-five guests, all young society girls. A centerpiece of pink rosebuds and ferns graced the large table and at each place was a quaint bouquet of violets, lilies of the valley, Cecile Brunner roses, forget-me-nots and maiden-hair ferns, encased in lace-paper holders.

Mrs. Emmeline Child of West Adams street has as house guest her daughter, Mrs. Frederick W. Reynolds, who is well remembered here as Miss Hortense Childs. Major Reynolds will probably join his wife later in the season.

Miss Barbara Stephens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Stephens of 1108 West Twenty-seventh street, was formally introduced to society Monday afternoon at a large reception given at the Congressional Club, Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. John D. Works as hostesses. Miss Stephens, who is a beautiful young girl of exquisite coloring, is a native daughter, and a Marlborough graduate. Last year she finished school at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., and was popular in Washington society in her holidays passed in the capital. With Mr. and Mrs. Stephens she has been staying at the Post with Major and Mrs. A. A. Fries, who are well known in Los Angeles. The holidays were passed in New York, the young debutante returning to Washington for the reception. She has already become a favorite with the younger set, and has been a guest at all the smart affairs of the season, even before her formal debut. Miss Stephens was gowned in soft white charmeuse draped with

white lace, with overdrape of pale green chiffon and a soft girdle of American Beauty satin. Mr. Stephens wore blue satin draped in black lace, and Mrs. Works was charming in dove-gray charmeuse embroidered in crystals and rhinestones. Next Friday the debutantes of the season will give a party at the Congressional Club, and Miss Stephens is to be in the receiving line.

Mrs. E. W. Britt of West Adams street entertained a number of close friends with an informal luncheon Friday afternoon, in honor of Miss Edith Mitchell of Philadelphia, who has come to this city to live.

Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith will start today for New York, en route for three months to Berlin and Vienna, where the doctor will devote his time to study. They have been the guests at many little parties since the announcement of their going. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery gave a tea in their honor Sunday afternoon, and Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar of Santa Monica had Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran and Dr. and Mrs. Smith to dinner—very informally, as Mrs. Farquhar is in mourning, and the little coterie are intimate friends. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers gave a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by supper at the Athletic Club for Dr. and Mrs. Smith, and there have been many other charming "farewells" for the popular travelers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Aileen McCarthy have returned from a visit to Coronado, where they went to witness the polo games.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood and the Misses Elizabeth and Florence Wood have returned to their home in St. James Park after a visit at Coronado, where they went to attend the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake entertained about eighty young guests at a dancing party Wednesday evening at their home on South Hoover street. The affair was in compliment to their daughter, Miss Daphne Drake, whose debut is to take place next season. Masses of American Beauty roses were used in decorating the ballroom and the supper tables.

Mrs. R. B. Young and Mrs. Mary Young Moore are to preside at a luncheon this afternoon in honor of Miss Ethelyn Walker, who will soon sail with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Walker, for a trip around the world. The affair is to take place at the Hotel Alexandria, and covers are to be laid for about a hundred and fifty guests. Assisting at the various tables as hostesses will be Mrs. Louis Byron and Mrs. Josephine McAllister of New York, and the Misses Florence Thresher, Helen Thresher, Mary McGarry, Anne McGarry, Mary Rebman, Ethel Rebman, Anna Kellman, Lydia Kellman and Ynez Orena.

Miss Margaret Daniells of 2620 Manitou avenue will entertain this afternoon with a theater party for Miss Ellen Bent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bent, whose engagement to A. Sheldon Balinger was recently announced.

Mrs. Gustav Knecht, who is remembered here as Miss Mary Lindley, has concluded a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Lindley, and has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mr. Richard B. Kirckoffer of West Twenty-seventh street announces the

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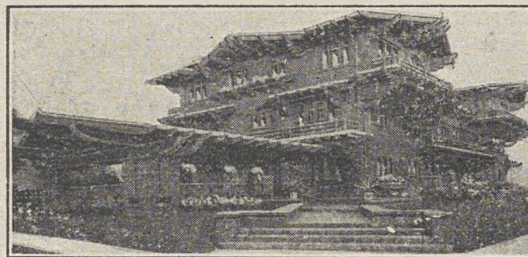
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engagement of his daughter, Miss Nora Kirckoffer to Mr. Gordon B. Macleish, son of Dr. and Mrs. Archibald Macleish of Kingsley drive.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Victor B. Stewart of Long Beach of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Muriel Stewart, to Mr. Elliott Gibbs, son of Judge and Mrs. George A. Gibbs of Pasadena.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Covington of St. Andrews place announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Maude

Adams, to Mr. Robert Leland Gillespie. The wedding will take place the latter part of February and will be witnessed only by the two families.

In honor of Miss Bernardine Williams, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Waddington, U. S. N., was recently announced, Miss Bessie Baker and Miss June Eskey entertained this week with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by tea at the Alexandria. Covers were laid for Mrs. Robert Hiddleston, Mrs. Rex Hardy, Mrs. Howard Salisbury, Mrs. Allester Davidson, Mrs. Lawrence Kelsey, Mrs. Lane Crandall, Miss Margaret Bowen, Miss Josephine McAlester and Miss Francis Smith.

Miss Ida Weber, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Weber of 4000 South Figueroa street was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Frederick A. Junquist. The house was decorated with masses of pink and white carnations and ferns. The bride wore a gown of white charmeuse, trimmed with point lace, and her long tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms. She carried a shower of orange blossoms and white roses. Miss Beulah Junquist attended as maid of honor and wore pink satin, with an arm bouquet of pink roses. Little Florence Steele acted as flower girl, in a frock of fluffy white. The best man was Dr. William Weber, and the bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Louis Weber. After a bridal supper the young couple left for a honeymoon trip, and will return to make their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Elizabeth Hutton, daughter of Judge and Mrs. A. W. Hutton of Santa Monica became the bride of Mr. Louis Adams of this city Wednesday evening at the Hutton home, Rev. Will A. Knighten, who performed the ceremony, also presided at the marriage of the bride's parents many years ago.

Leaving this city January 25 will be a large party of Los Angelans who will pass six months in a tour of the world under the direction of D. F. Robertson of the Steamship department of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barker, their son and daughter, Mrs. D. F. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Noyes and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lane, Mrs. Katherine Bayer, Mr. M. J. Monnette, Mrs. H. T. Molly, Mrs. Elizabeth Scherer, Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mrs. H. K. Williamson, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Woodruff, Mrs. Lydia Anderson, Mrs. J. Miller Brown, Mrs. Marie Webster, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robe, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Stephens.

Makes a Good Appointment

San Francisco's Panama-Pacific International Exposition has appointed the firm of Thos. Cook & Son its "foreign passenger agents," in consideration of their unique travel organization, with their chain of 155 important offices all over the world.

En Rapport With "De Gustatoribus"

Rose was a nice English girl whose father kept a cook, and Rose merely "ordered" the dinner which meant going into the kitchen and saying "Bridget, we've friends coming to dinner and couldn't you make us some Mousseline sauce for the joint, I've got a lovely recipe for it here?" And Bridget would say "Deary Heart, now, you know it's washing day and I feel me lumbago coming on again and your father always likes caper sauce to his boiled mutton and we'll have the thing you speak of another time, when Master Ted's home on a holiday, likely." So Rose would trip away forgetting how pleased she was looking and

Bridget would hide Gouffe in the knife drawer and Rose's father would continue to eat caper sauce to his boiled mutton as his ancestors had done before him.

This may not, we hope it does not indicate what fate awaits Miss Farmer's excellent collection of recipes. But you can never tell. For American cooking, at any rate the cooking of commerce, does not bear even a negligible trace of the excellence or variety here indicated. Let us begin by saying that Miss Farmer's New Book of Cookery is no mere primer of the art. She deals almost exclusively with the higher flights of culinary inspiration. You are presumed to have gone beyond the roast beef and rice pudding stage or, if not, to have a Mrs. Beeton to fall back upon. But when it comes to "Glazed Sweetbreads Lucullus" or "Scallops Bresloise" or "Plombiere Charlotte" sister Fannie is right there with the goods. Or, rather, if you were ever fortunate enough to be there with the goods she would be there with the Book of the Words. For Miss Fannie, like most modern artists, demands a complete and down to date equipment with ball bearings and all the spare parts. She will ask for a tablespoonful of chives as soon as look at you.

What is a chive anyway? It sounds like an animal out of Alice in Wonderland. "Twas grilling and the sleethy chives," etc. Or is it from the Bible? From the way she uses them we should imagine that your chive is a small, red crustacean that lives in holes in the banks of streams and is caught with a chiving iron, a sort of improved niblick. In California the chiving season is probably confined to November and December with the limit of three bull chives for the season. Here goes Miss Farmer again: "Remove the heads from three shallots." Suppose your wife told you to get up early on a cold winter's morning and shoot a mess of shallots. What would you do about it?

When we learned to cook we stuck to Mrs. Beeton and Mrs. Beeton never required anything but a piece of butter as big as a nut. With a piece of butter as big as a nut and Mrs. Beeton you could cook anything from a roast leg of mutton to a mince pie. Miss Farmer, by the way, measures her butter by the tablespoon. Have you ever tried to segregate a tablespoonful of butter from its friends? It's about as easy as balancing a live flounder on an ivory paper knife! Even Francatelli, who ousted Mrs. Beeton as we came up in the world and could hire help, was content to take his butter by the piece. We used to think Francatelli was a bit exacting when he asked for bay leaves and angelica and all-spice berries. But Franc was a slouch alongside of Miss Farmer who realizes instinctively that you live over an Italian warehouse with the botanical gardens within easy call. Somewhere embedded in the classics—perhaps it is in Walton's Compleat Angler—there is a recipe for Baked Pike. It occupies about ten pages of the text, a glossary and a volume of explanatory notes by Izaak's son-in-law, who had also learned to speak the language.

Miss Farmer is not quite so bad as that, of course. Sixteen ingredients per is about her limit. But it illustrates the length to which the zeal of the virtuoso can go if unchecked. Seriously, Miss Farmer's book is excellent, not only on account of the manifold "plats" now for the first time exhibited in captivity, but also for the lucidity with which it is compiled. You may have to rustle for the makings, but once they have been assembled and the expressman has gone away, you can't go wrong with Miss Farmer at your elbow. To clinch the matter the book contains a vast number of toothsome illustrations showing just what each confection should look like when it has been fabricated and erected. Altogether, a book much to be recommended. ("De Gusta-

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds.

No theater of Los Angeles' history has been watched with the same keen interest as has been evinced in the Morosco theater which opened its doors Monday night in an excellent production of Winchell Smith's American comedy, "The Fortune Hunter." The city has a possessive interest in Oliver Morosco; it feels that his achievements reflect glory; it witnesses his progress with much the same delight that a fond father feels in the efforts of an aspiring son—only Mr. Morosco is no longer

Morosco is the first stranger to break into the fold. And New York has an eagle eye on Mr. Morosco and the Morosco theater. For, in this artistic, comfortable playhouse many of the history-making plays are to be given their first productions. In popular slang, Mr. Morosco is to make Los Angeles his "dog," but instead of the carelessly staged trial performances of eastern producers we are to witness presentations that will have the advantage of every art of stagecraft. The Morosco theater is to be the mill of



PERLE BARTI, WITH "THE ROSE MAID," AT MASON OPERA HOUSE

merely aspiring—he is there. Nor is Los Angeles alone in its appreciation of Mr. Morosco and of the value of the new theater. Managers all over the country have an eager eye upon this "Belasco of the West." The manager who attains fame as a producer is as great a genius as the playwright who achieves great success, for it takes a mind of many facets to gauge the public pulse as Mr. Morosco has done. New York is never cordial in its reception of western producers, and Mr.

playwrights, and the grist will be taken to New York, where every manager realizes he has a formidable rival from the "wild and woolly."

This new theater is a cozy place. Perhaps every theater-goer who has been privileged to attend performances this week has spoken of the many contrivances for creature comfort—the beautiful chairs that are wide and comfortable, the luxurious warmth of the atmosphere, the carpeted floors so comforting to chilly toes. In this un-

usual season of chills and shivers, this phase of the new playhouse received first attention, but the artistic merits of the structure are not forgotten. The most beautiful thing about the theater is its simplicity. There is nothing of the ornate—it is chastely classical, and its appointments of gray and deep red are unusual and charming. A new feature is the absence of an orchestra—the raising of the curtain being announced in Parisian fashion by the striking of a deep-toned bell. It remains to be seen whether or not Los Angeles is sufficiently out of the provincial stage to accept this innovation—few seem prepared to approve it the opening week. America is a restless nation; it demands amusement for every moment, and it likes to have its entre acte conversation enlivened by dashes of ragtime or more serious selections—even though the blare of an orchestra at times detracts from the atmosphere of the play.

This company is not yet fully gathered, but the production of "The Fortune Hunter" is a good one. Winchell Smith's pretty comedy is both amusing and touching. Its story is well known—how Nat Duncan, failure, is sent to a small town by his friend, Harry Kellogg, deliberately to trap a rich girl into caring for him, and marry her for her money. Kellogg's plan succeeds well—the glamor of Nat's city ways and his own graces soon establishing him in the small town chosen. But plans also go agley, for Nat becomes interested in kindly, dreamy old Sam Graham, the unsuccessful druggist and his pretty daughter, Betty. His interest in Sam results in his being taken into the firm, and in his making a success of the business. The rich girl proposes to him, and Nat is forced to accept, but release comes in time for him to tell Betty that she is the only girl—and of course it ends in the sweet sentimental fashion of love's young dream. A cleaner, saner, sweeter comedy has never been offered on the Am-

erican stage. Orrin Johnson, already a favorite in Los Angeles, especially with the matinee maidens, lends his magnetic personality and pleasing voice to the role of Nat Duncan with excellent results, and receives an enthusiastic reception.

Harrison Hunter, remembered here as leading man with many traveling attractions, is a newcomer whose ability can scarcely be judged from his part of Henry Kellogg, which he fills in the best of fashion. Another newcomer is Herbert Standing, who does not quite realize the quiet, pathetic kindness of old Sam Graham and whose English accent is especially unsuited to the part. Mr. Standing is warmly applauded, but the applause is for the part as the playwright conceived it, not for his delineation. Morgan Wallace is another new player, who made good in his part of Roland, the town dandy. Old favorites include Howard Scott, in a capital character picture, Thomas MacLarnie, excellently made up and well cast, James K. Applebee in a minor role; Richard Barbee, offering good comedy as a "puppy lover," Robert Ober, William Wolbert, Jack Belgrave, pretty Beatrice Nichols, and last but by no means least, Frances Ring. Miss Ring does the best work of her local career as Betty Graham, giving the part a sweetness and grace that adds greatly to the charm of Nat's love story. Grace Valentine, the new ingenue, has but small opportunity to show her talents as Josie Lockwood, but she promises well. The first-act staging is extremely well done, but it intrudes a jarring note in the second and third acts to have so many bottles painted on mythical shelves. Mr. Morosco has accustomed us to the realistic and a painted selection of drugs is disappointing.

This new theater deserves success. Mr. Morosco is one of the builders of the town; not only from a financial standpoint, but in giving this city a nation-wide publicity that is invaluable.

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able to a metropolis so dependent upon the visitor. If good wishes possess any power, the Morosco already is strongly established.

"Broadway Jones" at the Mason

Not even mediocre acting can spoil George Cohan's lilting comedy, "Broadway Jones," which puts the actor-singer-dancer-composer-dramatist far up in the "legitimate" ranks. George Cohan may not be a genius, but he certainly is one of the cleverest men in the public limelight today—especially when one reviews his many musical successes, his triumphs as song-writer and song-singer; and now his "Broadway Jones," which is one of the best light comedies the stage has had in many days. He excels in light, slangy, catchy dialogue, to snare the giggle, the snicker, the chuckle and the guffaw. He gathers in every brand of laughter—there is always a ripple of mirth across the house. But it is too bad to send such a good show with a second-class company to the Mason opera house. Ralph Morgan essays to imitate Cohan in the leading role, and as his mannerisms are unnatural to him, they become at times grotesque. "Broadway Jones" is only a nom de plume for "Broadway Cohan." Cohan has exploited Broadway from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and then across the seas, and he has not forgotten the street in his comedy. Jones—christened Jackson by his sponsors in baptism—is a "small town" boy whose father leaves him a tidy fortune. Jonesville has always called him "Broadway" because of his "dudish" traits and his desire to go to New York. And when he strikes the big town, he makes a sensation, even on sensation-tired Broadway. He burns up every penny of his inheritance, and goes into debt to the extent of sixty thousand dollars. When an ancient damsel with a pretty bank account proposes, Jones accepts—as the way out. But in the nick of time, the fairy-tale uncle of fiction dies and leaves his chewing gum factory to Jones. Broadway goes back to Jonesville to look over the ground, intending to dispose of the place to the trust. But he meets THE girl, and she persuades him to fight the trust and allows him to persuade her to assist him. The plot is not new, but the fun is spontaneous and of the rapid-fire variety—clean, fresh, and never relying on vulgarity. Morgan's conception of Jones rather detracts from the part; especially when he employs a habit of coughing to get a laugh—and the cough finally becomes nauseating to many of the spectators. It certainly is in atrocious taste, whether it is part of the "business," or Mr. Morgan's own inspiration. John Webster, remembered as J. Rufus Wallingford, is a breezy Robert Wallace, Broadway's best friend. The feminine contingent lacks in charm, and the love story of Broadway and the small town girl is not so appealing as it should be for that reason. Miss Luckett, who plays Josie Richards, has excellent articulation, but she has not the necessary personal magnetism. It seems a pity to have a good thing poorly done.

"Nobody's Widow" at the Burbank

It is a great mistake to offer a drawing room comedy to the Burbank audiences, especially such a comedy as "Nobody's Widow," that sparkling, witty, smart set conceit by Avery Hopwood which Blanche Bates and Bruce McRae played so delightfully last season. "Nobody's Widow" is one of the cleverest things of its kind. It is all in the dialogue, although the situations are pithy, and delicately daring in one or two instances. The conversation is like the bubbles on champagne: frothy, frivolous, heady, yet with a pungent undertone of purpose. It is a funny little story. Roxana Clayton, charming young American girl, meets the Duke of Moreland, masquerading as plain Jack Clayton. It is love at first sight, and they are married before she even knows his title. Moreland has not been an angel—he has had his fling.

So hurriedly has he been married that he has not had time to bid farewell to an old friend—little Susette. Half an hour after their marriage Roxana finds Jack giving Susette a farewell kiss. Immediately, she flees and leaves him a brideless bridegroom on his wedding day. She returns to America as a charming young widow whose dearly beloved husband has passed away in Europe. But at a house party she comes face to face with the Duke, and there follows a rapier-like contest that is splendidly handled by the playwright. Of course, it ends as every theatergoer would have it—with Roxa clasped in Jack's eager arms. The Burbank audiences are not sure they like the play. They laugh, long and heartily at the obvious points, ignore the subtleties and applaud but little. Nor is the Burbank organization just the company to trust with such an offering—Izetta Jewel and Grace Travers being the only ones who approach the atmosphere of the piece. Miss Jewel is a charming Roxana; a little inclined to be kittenish instead of teasingly mischievous; so that the audience terms her "cute," which is the last adjective in the world to apply to the gracious, whimsical Roxana. But Miss Jewel plays as though she were used to Dukes and Countesses and Palm Beach house parties; and as a whole gives a piquant and appealing picture. Grace Travers fills a comedy role with a fine finish and a commendable thoroughness, not hesitating to sacrifice her vanity to make a funny scene. She is gowned exquisitely and has a new style of coiffure that is exceedingly becoming, lending poise and dignity to her appearance. Never once does Forrest Stanley suggest the Duke of Moreland. He lacks that suave, man-of-all-countries self-possession; he makes love in a careless and lukewarm manner; he has none of the little things that mean so much to a big part. For this reason many of the situations lose character, and are carried off only because of Miss Jewel's good work. Donald Bowles makes an absurd burlesque of the part of Ned Stephens; being grotesquely bad both in acting and in makeup. The settings are beautiful things—an artistic delight. But who is responsible for serving a champagne supper on an awkwardly arranged tray, with the cheapest of napery emblazoned with the scarlet mark of a restaurant? It is a brazen note in a luxurious atmosphere.

"Excuse Me" at the Majestic

Rupert Hughes did not write a good play in "Excuse Me," his Pullman farce, either technically or dramatically, but he certainly achieved a decidedly funny one, as audiences at the Majestic this week will attest. The setting itself is conducive to mirth—for there is no funnier sight in America than an across continent Pullman sleeper, or a combination car—both of which are used in this side-splitting farce. First, there is The Porter; then there is the jolly and "spifficated" fat man, on his way to Reno to divorce his pretty wife—and also his wife who is on her way to Reno for a similar object; there is a near bride and groom who have eloped without the necessary formality of getting married, and whose efforts to find a minister are pathetic and funny; there is the gaping Englishman; the pair of misfit lovers; the flippant society matron and the "smart-Aleck" society man—all of the types, slightly overdrawn for farce purposes. But The Porter, played by Willis Sweatnam, and the fat man, played by Sidney Greenstreet, are the bright particular stars. Who was it said that nobody loves a fat man? He should listen to the tumultuous curtain calls given Greenstreet if he wants the statement disproved. Each act has its share of goodly laughs, until the audience holds its sides. There is even a melodramatic hold-up, and two romantic marriages. The incidents of the play are fairly thrown together; with little regard for climaxes and building up; so that Mr. Hughes has not availed him-

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self of all his opportunities. Also, there are several lines which attempt to be daringly clever, and succeed in being glaringly vulgar—a thing which is noticed in a great many of Mr. Hughes' short stories also, and is not a commendable sidelight on his state of mind. The company is not extraordinarily good this year. The silly young bride portrayed by Reeve Greenwood is horribly overdone, and the bridegroom is only fairly handled by an unprogrammed actor. But so long as Sidney Greenstreet and Willis P. Sweatnam are aboard the train, it rolls swiftly and surely into a station of mirth.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Ada Reeve, the English comedienne, is popular with her audiences, yet the discriminating find in that fact a deep and dark mystery with each new appearance. Miss Reeve is not tastefully gowned; she is awkward; her

voice is not good nor does she use it well, and she depends largely on cheap-wit songs; yet she gets the laughs and the applause where many a better singer has been coldly greeted. Verily, the ways of the dear public are as strange as the ways of the heathen Chinese. Miss Reeve is the black-typed star of this week's Orpheum bill, but rather a dim luminary, so far as art goes. After witnessing a tritely worded sketch, "The Butterfly," one feels like appealing to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences. The sketch might be fitted to a ten-cent vaudeville house, but to permit its tawdry, uninteresting, mediocrity on an advanced vaudeville stage is unpardonable, and it is not acted well enough to excuse its existence. The real stars of the bill are the Royal Japanese Athletes. The jiu jitsu experiments are mightily interesting, and the wrestling bouts are red-blooded affairs that appeal to the primitive. Lit-

tle Billy, a midget of childlike appearance, is entertaining, and Joe Keeno and Rose Green, who start very dully, finish in a blaze of glory in "ragging" dances which have touches of novelty. Holdovers are Mignonette Kokin, the dancer, Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford, and Galetti's Monkeys.

Offerings for Next Week

Walker Whiteside comes to the Majestic theater Sunday evening for an engagement of one week, with the usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday, that of Wednesday to be at popular prices. He will appear in "The Typhoon," the play which has created a profound impression in Europe and through the East. "The Typhoon" has for its principal characters a series of Japanese diplomats settled temporarily in Berlin to watch the trend of European affairs in the interest of the Mikado. The leader, Tokerao—the part portrayed by Mr. Whiteside—is a brilliant young diplomat who enjoys the implicit confidence of his country. Unfortunately, he becomes entangled with a fascinating member of the demimondaine, and his confreres, learning the true character of the woman, persuade Tokerao that he must cast her off for the sake of the country. But the woman plays with Tokerao and his affection for her, until, goaded to madness by her taunts, he strangles her. Tokerao is too valuable a man to suffer for merely killing a woman, so a comrade pays the penalty for the crime, that his chief may go on with his mission. But remorse and outraged love are too strong for the young diplomat, and the play ends dramatically with his death. Supporting Mr. Whiteside is Florence Fisher, in the role of Ilona, the scarlet woman. Others in the company are Stephen Wright, Hubert Wilkie, Arda LaCroix and Grant Sherman.

Werba and Luescher's latest operatic production, "The Rose Maid" will come to the Mason Opera House Monday evening, January 13, for a week's engagement. It has been described as a sister of "The Spring Maid," although there is nothing similar in the music of the two productions. It unfolds a pretty little story of a girl who cherishes in her heart the love of a young duke. The latter is deserted after a night of revelry by his professed friends, when it becomes apparent that his fast ways are to lose for him his inheritance. Of course, the Duke comes to realize that he reciprocates the affections of the little Daphne, and it ends happily for all. There are many comedy moments in the play and also a strain of pretty sentiment which interests without cloying. Werba and Luescher announce the singers who were heard in the New York run, including Perle Barti as the rose maid, Juliette Lange, Jeanette Bageard, Ida Van Tine, Edward Gallagher, Henry Coote, and many others. The charming little groupe of "Kute Kiddies" that New York made famous over night, the large "Rose Maid orchestra" and the "rosebud garden of girls" will be special features.

It is needless to say that the New Morosco theater on Broadway is attracting capacity audiences at every performance of "The Fortune Hunter," and that the receipts of the first week of this beautiful new playhouse will establish a record that will be difficult to break. Los Angeles has already accepted the theater as one of its civic features, and the matinee performances, especially of the last week, have been socially brilliant affairs. The production of "The Fortune Hunter," the first stock performance of the play to be given here, is almost perfect. Orrin Johnson, in the leading role, is gathering new laurels, and the old favorites, including Howard Scott, Robert Ober, Thomas McLarnie, James K. Applebee, William Wolbert, Beatrice Nichols, Frances Ring and others are warmly welcomed, while the newcomers, Harrison Hunter, Grace Valentine, Herbert Standing and several

others, have already awakened interest in the hearts of theatergoers. Mr. Morosco is engaging new actors for the company, which he intends making perfect in every detail.

Avery Hopwood's clever romantic comedy, "Nobody's Widow" will close at the Burbank theater this evening, and Sunday afternoon Paul Armstrong's famous romance of the West, "Salomy Jane" will be the attraction at the Burbank, with Izetta Jewell in the leading role. "Salomy Jane" is based on Bret Harte's pretty story of the naive mountain maiden who saves a stranger from an untimely fate. Love comes to them with the swift certainty of the open places, and when Salomy lifts her lips to him for the betrothal kiss she says wonderingly, "Say, man, what's yo' name?"—a scene which delights theatergoers of all ages. Forrest Stanley will play the man, and Walter Edwards, Donald Bowles, Robert Leonard, Grace Travers and others will be seen to advantage in the piece, which will be produced under the personal direction of Mr. Armstrong.

Ada Reeve's last week at the Orpheum begins Monday matinee, January 13, a fact that will cause much rejoicing. She will have a number of new songs, and will be surrounded by a varied bill. Paul Dickey and his company will be seen in a little skit of college life called "The Come Back," wherein a freshman is to be made the "goat" in an escapade, but succeeds in turning the tables. Travato, the eccentric fiddler, is well known here. This Filipino holds his violin on his knees and plays it 'cello fashion, and runs the gamut of music, from ragtime to the classics. Bert Clark is an English comedian of versatility and Mabel Hamilton, his partner, is one of London's favorite musical comedy stars. This is the featured act on the new bill. Caesar Rivoli is the quickest of lightning change artists, and in his "Fun in a Cafe," he plays seven characters in almost as many minutes. Oscar & Suzette are dancers, making a specialty of their own creation, the back to back waltz, and a number of other new steps. The orchestral program will be especially notable, including the first orchestral presentation here of excerpts from Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," especially arranged by Mr. Frankenstein.

"Parsifal," which is known throughout the world as an operatic masterpiece, having been immortalized by the music of Richard Wagner, is to be the star attraction at the Mozart theater the week beginning Monday afternoon, January 13. This remarkable three-reel production is one of the most spectacular and interesting films ever exhibited. The opening scene shows the passing of the Knights of Monsalvata, who go to venerate the St. Graal, the cup in which is kept the holy blood of Christ. Then Amfortas, guardian of the grail is shown to be unworthy of his trust; and his prayer that a true guardian may be found. Finally Parsifal arrives, and after passing through the many temptations which assail him, takes his place as guardian. The program will include other features of interest, and the music will be excerpts from the famous opera.

This is the final week of the present company at the Lyceum theater, and the house will close this evening, until Mr. Morosco has reorganized his forces. Moving pictures will reign at the theater while plans are perfected for the new company.

Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

For Sale—A collection of antique mahogany and rosewood furniture. 1720 Kingsley Drive, near Washington St. Phone 73261—adv.

Gossip of Automobile Row

Adventures of a Motor Party—From Chicago to Southern California by motor in the sort of weather which has been prevalent of late doesn't sound inviting or even comfortable, yet the trip was pleasantly and comfortably made by O. C. Brundage and family of Chicago who arrived in Southern California this week after a trip by way of the Santa Fe and Sunset trail. The tour was made in a Stoddard Dayton "40." Besides Brundage, in the party were his wife, two children and a hunting dog. An entire camping outfit was carried, and the journey was made in easy stages with no attempt to lower transcontinental records. The party left Chicago October 20, and crossed seven states including Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Among the adventures encountered was a delay of two days while they were snowbound in the White Mountains. They were finally towed out by a mounted cowboy. Forty miles from Albuquerque they overtook Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University along with C. H. Gilbert, a professor in the same institution, who were stranded with their families. The latter were on their way from Iowa to California and had been without water for more than a day. The child in the party was given water siphoned from the radiator.

* * *

Motor Boating Sport—Many of the local automobile enthusiasts are now devoting their energies to the promulgation of motor boating as a sport, and this form of diversion promises to rival joy riding on terra firma as well as motorcycling. Bill Ruess, of Pope Hartford fame, is to launch a handsome new power boat Sunday morning from Joe Fellows' shipyard in Wilmington, and with a party of friends will make the maiden voyage. It is twenty-four feet long, and is gracefully built. It is equipped with a 1913 Pope-Hartford engine taken from an automobile chassis. It is an experiment, for this is the first time that a regular auto engine has ever been used to put in motion the propeller of a motor boat. The Los Angeles Motor Boat Club is the organization that is stimulating the sport at Wilmington, and despite the cold weather there is keen interest taken. At Fellows' yard a dozen or more boats may be seen every day starting on trips varying in length from a run to Catalina to Long Beach or San Pedro.

* * *

A. A. A. "Adjuster" Coming—Of unusual significance in local automobile circles will be the visit next month to the coast of Chairman Schimpf of the American Automobile Association. His trip here will be for the purpose of talking over with local motor car dealers and race promoters the differences which have arisen between the A. A. A. and the local auto men. When interviewed in New York this week by a correspondent of one of the Los Angeles dailies he stated that the A. A. A. will not recognize the recently formed Western Automobile Association as other than an outlaw organization, and that its promoters are wrong from the ground up. He said he considered the split due to a misunderstanding and to a gradual drifting apart. He commended the San Francisco and San Diego motor car people for their stand in refusing to affiliate with the attempted coast organization formed here last week. Eastern motor car dealers, he asserted, have expressed the earnest hope that the Los Angeles automobile dealers will remain as a vital force to help the work now before the A. A. A. They admit that the importance of Los Angeles is now second to no city in the United States as an impulse in good roads developments and motoring improvements.

* * *

Took Along Antidotes—Barney Oldfield, the auto autocrat, accompanied by

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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car. Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps. Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.
LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

NOTICE FOR APPLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

016527
Serial No. 016527

Not coal lands
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 14, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, S. B. E. and M., situated in the Los Angeles Land District, in the County of Ventura, Cal., and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 24th day of January, 1913.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

a number of well known sporting men, including Hap Hogan, Eddie Maier, Jake Stahl and Jack Milligan, put in a portion of the early part of the week in duckshooting on the preserves of the Oxnard Gun Club near Hueneme. When in that territory they were also guided by Milligan to a pigeon shoot in the Santa Ynez mountains. In addition to the usual amount of ammunition the party was well provided with antidotes in case any of the rattlesnakes which are said to infest that region should become vicious.

Books

California poets are fortunate in their environment and having the gift of song are bound to reflect what is all about them—sea, sky, mountains, desert, brown hills and green, missions and pergolas, roses and poppies, mesas and valleys, forests and plains. Scenery of all descriptions and all of it beautiful and characteristically individual. Of the chosen few who have been faithful interpreters of California in her many variants Clarence Thomas Urmey is entitled to rank with the best. He has the true singing quality in his lilting lines and he views with the poet's eyes the glories of nature here unfolded so lavishly. Whether it is a California river who extols, a wayside shrine at which his muse worships, a psalm of California that is hymned, a mission garden visited, a poem to the western sea sung or the purple of the afterglow caught under a pergola there is a charming picture presented in a finished etching, whose limning is so exquisitely done that the beauty of the imagery is doubly enhanced by the setting. In a word, Mr. Urmey has the poet-touch of which he sings:

What is the poet-touch? Ah me, that every bard might gain it,
And having once attained the prize, forever might retain it:—
To touch no thing that's vile, unless to teach the world to scorn it,
To touch no thing that's beautiful, save only to adorn it.

Our California poet has adorned all he has touched and having eschewed vileness the world of his readers is happily spared that much of sin. For his muse is more partial to fields elysian than to fetid slums and trees, skies, birds, flowers, rivers, mountains and sea receive his homage in preference to the busy marts, the feverish urban centers, the sordid streets where vice and want stalk hand in hand. Pantheistic is this California troubadour with a love for the sylvan temple, a fondness for the haunts of dryads, a sympathy with wood winds and wood nymphs. He follows the footprints of the padres on their mission-bent journeys, sounds once more the silver-toned bells, gives us a glimpse of crimson-kissed seas and rose colored lagoons, of deep leaf-set canyons and dreamy redwood groves. He takes us to where the scent of the poppy-fields permeates the base of the tall purple mountains and floats down to amber bay and topaz sea. He bears us along fir-set mountain trails, winding about sparkling streams whose laughing way expresses to his poetic ears liquid lyrics. We catch the odor of fir and pine as we penetrate farther into the forest recesses and find with the poet solace and peace and calm content as we lie under the redwoods and sense the harmonies all about.

His magic art recalls the days of dark eyed senoritas and richly apparelled caballeros whose serenade provokes the gay laughter of dignified hidalgo's daughter. It is a turquoise-tinted sky that this troubadour depicts whether above Shasta's snow, or San Diego's sand. A brother to the western sea, our poet catches notes that are mute to the less alertly-attuned mortal and so arresting them deftly translates that we who walk humbly may exult to the height of our understanding. The temptation is strong to pour libations from the Pierian springs sacred to this poetic reveler, but we have restricted the wish to the one colorful draught imbibed in a mission garden which is printed elsewhere in this issue. In such rhythmic fancies,

under the pergola beneath which paths of poppy, palm and eglantine move in "long processional and slow" under day-dreaming, California skies wreathed with sunset daffodils, where the redwood trees woo the singing winds of the Pacific there the poet's muse has sweet visions and reflects fair dreams. Every lover of California should make haste to get in accord with this troubadour of the western sea and enjoy to the full his lilting lays. The art of the bookmaker has kept pace with that of the poet, affording a setting worthy of the contents. ("A California Troubadour," by Clarence Thomas Urmey. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco).

S. T. C.

"When the Forests are Ablaze"

Katherine B. Judson has penned a plea for the preservation of the forests in her novel, "When the Forests are Ablaze." In fact, Mrs. Judson's book, might have been authorized by the department of agriculture as a medium for appealing to campers and mountaineers to be careful of their campfires—a sort of congressional tract hung on a romantic story, and illustrated with excellent photographs of the before and after style. Replicas of the signs of warning against blazes are even printed in full—and the author's insistence on the subject grows wearisome before the close of the book and is inclined to mar the pretty love story. Her word pictures whet the imagination and are enticing to a keen degree—with the breath of the open places, the ferny sweetness of spring and summer, the glorious colors of autumn and the majestic desolation of the winter months. Its central figure is a woman of appealing character, and its love story, although not novel in any phase, is as clean and sweet as the atmosphere of the book. If Mrs. Judson were not so bent on 'shoot-ing a few moral pills'—to borrow a phrase of Robert Chambers—into the careless mountain travelers, her story would be much more interesting, and the success of her mission would be more assured. ("When the Forests are Ablaze," by Katherine B. Judson. A. C. McClurg Co.)

"Joyful Heatherby"

Payne Erskine evidently set out to relate a love story and nothing else in his latest novel, "Joyful Heatherby," for there are enough romances in it to supply several themes. Everybody loves everybody else, although most of the characters wait until the end of the book to exchange the kiss which every sentimental writer deems necessary to give a book its true finish. "Joyful Heatherby" is a girl of the country, and the author has attempted to make her sweetly simple and naive. In spite of the fact that he has not given Joyful a word that would make her anything else than the quiet country maiden, nevertheless her character does not seem human—does not appear to be true. It is like the stage ingenue, portrayed by a grizzled damsel with short skirts dangling above her attenuated ankles. This is a fault that may be found with every character in the book—they are none of them graphic enough to catch the interest and hold it until the end of the chapter. Joy's adventures and dangers smack more strongly of the paper-covered novel than of standard fiction. The theme of the book is chaotic; the various trails of the various characters become entangled; there are too many abrupt transitions to please the

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discriminating. ("Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine. Little, Brown & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Interest in the January Century centers in Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel of America and England which bears the rather singular title of "T. Tembarom." The hero is a waif in the New York slums whose name in reality was Temple Temple Barholm, this having been distorted into Tembaron. He proves to be heir to an English estate with a large income, so presumably the succeeding numbers will carry him to England. The theater is represented by "The Human Side of Joseph Jefferson," by Mary Shaw, and "Opera in New York" gives the views of the general manager Mr. Guilio Gatti-Casazza, chronicled by Algernon Brenon. William Lyon Phelps has an interview with Robert Browning's son giving his view of his father. Besides a story by Norman Duncan and one by Edna Kenton there are several articles of historical interest, "American Water Ways and the Pork Barrel" by Robert Bruce Fuller, "The Impeachment of Andrew Johnson" by Gaillard Hunt and Major Ben C. Truman, and "American and Turk in Holy War" by William T. Ellis.

Notes From Bookland

Of notable importance is a book by a German scientist, Dr. F. W. Foerster, on "Marriage and the Sex Problem," soon to be published in this country. It deals with sex-education and the problems of morality, in the discussion of which the author takes an entirely different standpoint from most modern theorists. Thus, instead of recommending the spread of knowledge and advocating eugenics, he maintains that the chief necessity is the development of character, and that religious ideals are of the highest importance. The book has attracted wide attention in Germany, and has been translated into three languages. Later on, probably in March, will be published a translation, by Frederic Taber Cooper, of Maria Montessori's "Pedagogical Anthropology." This book, the first on the subject by its author, gives the scientific study on which the Montessori system of education was afterward based. It is interesting to note that "The Montessori Method of Scientific Pedagogy," published last spring, is now in its sixth large edition, and ranks second on the list of non-fiction best sellers.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has gone to Bermuda for the purpose of finishing her new novel, "T. Tembarom," which began serially in the current Century. Mrs. Burnett complains that Plandome Park, her Long Island home, "with its many callers and motor parties, is altogether too distracting for work." She declares that it is "like a cheerfully hospitable railroad station," and she finds that a railroad station is not a place in which to write a novel. Like her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was first published in 1886, Mrs. Burnett's "T. Tembarom" has a

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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boy for its hero. This youth, however, starts his career as a New York newsboy, whence he becomes a Harlem newspaper reporter, and later a landed proprietor in England.

Stocks & Bonds

Santa Maria petroleum shares have held the speculative center on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, with several of the better known of these issues having registered a gain of from five to fifteen points. Rice Ranch is in demand at about 150, with apparently not a dividend in sight in the near future, and others of the coaster oils are doing nearly as well. The rise for these securities is due to reported confirmation of recently hinted stories to the effect that New York is about to foreclose on certain options for companies in that field, which were reported sold in this column more than a month ago. According to stories in circulation in the financial district, these several properties are to be taken over by the end of the month, and that nothing remains to do in pending negotiations except to work out certain details and pay over the cash involved.

Among the other popular oils the several Stewarts are fairly strong, in a market that leaves much to be desired. Union is hovering around 90, and Union Provident and United Petroleum are in demand at close to 104. The market, however, is inclined to play soft in all these issues. Associated is weak and inactive, and the remainder of the list is only moderately firm at best. Amalgamated is not in demand, and Columbia oil is begging at easy prices. Central is dead, and a similar observation applies to Western Union. Rice Ranch, at \$1.50, evidently is to go higher. The minor list is only moderately active. California Midway is again looking up and National Pacific is in demand at less than 3 cents a share, ex assessment for the sixth time. United is weak, in the face of a reported sale of the property at much better than the apparent market.

Among the bank stocks, Citizens National has shown the most activity this week, with sales at 26 1/2 ex dividend. First National, Security, Central, Commercial National, and Home Savings, are among the issues wanted by investors.

Industrial shares are abnormally weak, with the recent boom in the Edisons off for the time, and with L. A. Homephone going begging at about 28. Los Angeles Investment is selling at record prices with signs that the stock is to go higher. There is nothing doing in bonds.

Mining stocks are inactive with none of the former favorites wanted, and with the market inclined to slide still more. The Tonopahs and Goldfields are exceptionally soft.

Money conditions continue satisfactory in all essentials.

Next Tuesday the Los Angeles stock exchange meets in annual session for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other important business. The exchange treasury is in a satisfactory condition and 1913 gives promise of much better things.

Banks and Bankers

Bankers in this city are considering a plan to establish a pension system and other benefits for faithful employees.

At a special meeting of stockholders called for March 10, the South Pasadena Savings Bank will consider the

question of increasing its capital stock from \$25,000 to \$50,000, as its depositors have now reached the first limit placed by the state banking law.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Attorney General Wickersham has informed the officers of the Union Pacific Railroad that he could see no objection to the company receiving the quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent on its \$126,650,000 Southern Pacific stock, which was payable January 2. It is understood Union Pacific's share of this dividend, amounting to \$1,900,000, has already been paid over to the company.

Los Angeles voters will be called upon Feb. 25 to decide the question of a \$17,600,000 issue for completion of the aqueduct water distribution, city hall and normal school site, municipal railroad and harbor construction.

Sierra Madre will vote Tuesday on a water works bond issue of \$20,000.

Sealed bids will be received up to 7:30 p. m. Monday for the purchase of Glendale's municipal bonds of \$25,000.

In order to complete improvements on its Southern California lines the Pacific Electric has asked the state railroad commission to authorize an issue of refunding mortgage 50-year gold bonds for \$7,044,000.

Special election has been called for Owensmouth for Jan. 25, to vote on a \$50,000 bond issue for a public school.

In the last twelvemonth the Los Angeles Stock Exchange traded in 6,159,757 shares of stock—valued at \$6,637,742.04.

Fullerton is beginning an agitation for a bond issue of \$70,000 for increasing school facilities.

Record of 1912 Failures

Bradstreet's says that 1912 was a year notable for the large number of small failures reported. Thus the aggregate number for the full calendar year, as reported to Bradstreet's, was 13,832, an increase of 9.3 per cent over 1911, which year in turn showed an increase of 9.2 per cent over 1910, and there was shown a decrease from 1908, the year of after-panic strain, of only 1.5 per cent. With the exception of the last-mentioned year, in fact, 1912 was the most prolific year in business casualties that there had been since 1896, and was surpassed only three times in the last thirty years. As regards liabilities, however, the showing was relatively better. Thus, although the number of failures in 1912 exceeded the number in 1911 and 1910 by 1,186 and 2,259 respectively, the liabilities, which aggregated \$197,995,457, exceeded those of the above years by only about \$10,000,000, or 5 per cent, in each instance. The percentage of assets to liabilities was relatively low—namely, 49.9 per cent, as against 54.2 per cent in 1911 and 49.8 per cent in 1910. Despite the large increase in number of casualties, so great was the increase in those in business that the percentage of all those in business failing was only eighty-two hundredths of 1 per cent, as against seventy-seven hundredths in the preceding year. There were fewer failures in the Northwest than in 1911, a slight increase only in the West, but considerable increases in the other sec-



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tions of the country. The middle group and the South furnished the larger portion of the increased liabilities, while the West, far West and Northwest showed smaller failure damage.

California Leads in Gold Production

There was added to the world's stock of gold last year, according to a preliminary estimate of George E. Roberts, director of the mint, \$465,000,000, or \$5,500,000 more than was added in 1911. The gold production of the United States amounted to \$91,685,160, compared with \$96,890,000 in 1911. California led, with \$19,988,486; Colorado was second, with \$18,791,719; Alaska third, with \$17,398,946; Nevada fourth, with \$13,331,680, and South Dakota fifth, with \$7,795,000. Of the world's production the Transvaal and Rhodesia made a gain of about \$20,000,000, and Canada gained nearly \$3,000,000. The United States, Mexico, and Australia lost about \$16,000,000, and in the remainder of the world the production was about what it was last year. Since 1908, when the production of gold in the world was \$442,475,000, the annual increase has been comparatively small. The increase of gold in the monetary stock of the United States in 1912 was approximately \$90,000,000. The gold holdings of the United States treasury increased about \$70,000,000, chiefly in bullion represented in the circulation by certificates. The mint service of the United States during the year sold \$38,000,000 worth of gold bars for consumption in the arts in this country and Canada, as against \$35,000,000 in 1911. The net consumption of new gold, including coin for such uses, in the United States and Canada was about \$35,000,000, and in the world, excluding Asia, probably between \$100,000,000 and \$115,000,000. The absorption of gold by India, which has been attracting attention for several years, was again a notable feature. The net imports of India in 1909 were approximately \$50,000,000, in 1910 \$90,000,000, in 1911 \$116,500,000 and in 1912 approximately \$140,000,000.

Professional and Business Directory

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
January 2, 1913.

Not coal lands. 03765
NOTICE is hereby given that Lizzie Friederich, of Calabasas, California, who, on February 10, 1906, made homestead entry No. 11006, No. 03765, for SE 1/4, Section 35, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 14th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Axel A. Ahlroth, Elizabeth Friederich, Frank Schaefer, Olive Ahlroth, all of Calabasas, California; Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
November 26, 1912.

Not coal lands. 013982
Notice is hereby given that Nathan Wise, of Newberry Park, California, who, on October 30, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013982, for NW 1/4, Section 5, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles F. Haskell, of Newberry Park, California; Jackson Tweedy, of Calabasas, California; George A. Frenlin, of Calabasas, California; James H. Robert, of Newberry Park, California.

FRANK BUREN,
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Surplus, \$25,000.

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H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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S. W. Cor. Third and Main

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Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

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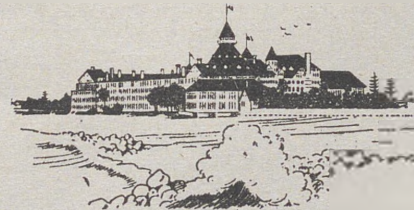
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Rugs! Rugs!! Rugs!!!

Bullock's

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Rug Values Extraordinary

—Despite the fact that wholesale rates were just raised we are disposing of a \$20,000 purchase of fine Rugs at the prices planned months ago, when we contracted for the rugs—we are not going to take advantage of the factory advance.

—Even though you may not actually need new rugs for a year to come these offerings make it very profitable for you to buy now.

9x12 ft. Seamless Tapestry Rugs \$12.95

—Really handsome Oriental and floral designs, in these big one-piece Tapestry Rugs at \$12.95. Not only decidedly attractive, but they will RETAIN their beauty—they possess remarkable wearing qualities. The same kind, in size 8¼x10½ ft. at \$10.95.

9x12 ft. Wilton Rugs at \$37.50

—Magnificent big pictures—all in softest tones and richest patterns. You won't regret purchasing any of them.

—9x12 ft. Rugs, \$37.50; 8.3x10.6, \$32.50; 36x63 inch, \$6.50, and 27x54 inch, \$4.50.

9x12 ft. Velvet Rugs \$22.50

—These are Wilton Velvet Rugs in those small patterns that are so desirable—the colorings are particularly handsome.

—9x12 ft., \$22.50; 8.3x10.6 ft., \$20; 6x9 ft., \$12.50; 36x63 in., \$3.50, and 27x54 in., at \$2.

Real French Cluny Curtains \$1.75 Pair

—Genuine imported articles, decidedly unlike the domestic curtains usually sold at about that price.

—Real linen Cluny edge, on genuine French bobbinet—highly artistic, surprisingly durable; 42 inches wide by 2½ yards long. White or Arabian.

Real Cluny Curtains \$2.50

—We could get only a small number of them to sell at \$2.50—

—French nets with 2 inch hems and trimmed with genuine Cluny insertion down front and across bottom—uncommonly attractive curtains for so little money; 42 inches wide by 2½ yards long.

CLUNY CURTAINS \$3.75—We firmly believe their equals were never before offered in the Southwest at that price. Made of heavy French net with insertion and edging of pure linen.

LUXURIOUS CURTAINS \$5—48-inch curtains with pure linen insertions and edgings in quite elaborate designs, mounted by hand.
—Other big values at \$6.50, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$20.

